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"FOR A SCRAP OF PAPER."

Why bursts the cloud in thunder, and
to devastate the world
The levin bolt of battle from heaven,
or hell, is hurled?
Why march embattled millions, to
death or victory sworn?
Why gape yon lanes of carnage by
red artillery torn?
For a scrap of paper, for a scrap of
paper, nothing more!

Why spurned the least of nations,
but the bravest of the brave,
The wages of dishonor and a traitor's
peaceful grave?
Why drew she sword? and, flinging the
scabbard far away,
Why rushed she into battle, the fore-
most in the fray?
For a scrap of paper, for a scrap of
paper, nothing more!

When the Queen of Empires summoned
her children to her shore,
And to set the ocean rolling she but
spoke a word—no more—
"Oh, come to me, my children, to your
mother, come to me!"
Why flocked the regiments trooping
from the lands beyond the sea?
For a scrap of paper, for a scrap of
paper, nothing more!

Why hasted all the peoples to con-
front the bandit crew,
When they heard the tocsin tolling
and the blast that Justice blew?
Why, thrilled they at the summons,
and answered one and all,
By thousand thousands thronging, to
the far-blown bugle-call?
For a scrap of paper, for a scrap of
paper, nothing more!

When the guns have ceased to thunder
and the battle-storm to rave,
When the stars above are calling the
last muster of the brave,
As they lie there in their thousands,
with their faces to the sky,
We can hear their voices answer, "We
were glad and proud to die

For a scrap of paper, for a scrap of
paper, nothing more!"

Paul Hyacinth Loyson.

(Translated by Sir James Fraser.)

The Fortnightly Review.

HOPE IN FAILURE.

Though now thou hast failed and art
fallen, despair not because of defeat,
Though lost for a while be thy heaven
and weary of earth be thy feet,
For all will be beauty about thee here-
after through sorrowful years,
And lovely the dew for thy chilling
and ruby thy heart-drip of tears.

The eyes that had gazed from afar on a
beauty that blinded the eyes
Shall call forth its image forever, its
shadow in alien skies.
The heart that had striven to beat in
the heart of the Mighty too soon
Shall still of that beating remember
some errant and faltering tune.

For thou hast but fallen to gather the
last of the secrets of power;
The beauty that breathes in thy spirit
shall shape of thy sorrow a flower,
The pale bud of pity shall open the
bloom of its tenderest rays,
The heart of whose shining is bright
with the light of the Ancient of
Days.

THE ARMED LINER.

The dull gray paint of war
Covering the shining brass and gleam-
ing decks
That once re-echoed to the steps of
youth.
That was before
The storms of destiny made ghastly
wrecks
Of Peace, the Right and Truth.
Impromptu dances, colored lights and
laughter,
Lovers watching the phosphorescent
waves,
Now gaping guns, a whistling shell;
and after
So many wandering graves.

H. Smalley Sarson.

The Poetry Review.

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS.

The extension of the "black list" to include American concerns located and doing business in America has done more injury to Anglo-American relations than any other act of the British Government since the war began. For the first time in two years it has been possible to secure a majority in Congress for an Act empowering the President to retaliate upon Allied interests. The British Government has issued instructions that British vessels calling at American ports shall accept no merchandise for shipment from certain American firms whose names are listed. The American Government has, in consequence, been empowered by Congress to refuse clearance to any vessel when it shall appear that such discrimination has been exercised against the business of American citizens.

The issue is clearly defined, but the causes that have led up to it are somewhat obscure to the general public on both sides of the Atlantic owing to the reticence of the Allies as to the reasons for their action, a reticence perhaps natural to Governments engaged in the carrying on of a great war, but which in this case may have to be abandoned to some extent to avoid a serious misunderstanding with a friendly neutral. A Note of explanation from the British Government is now awaited in Washington, and the correspondents of the English newspapers show in their communications from America, as published in London, a grave anxiety that this Note should be soon forthcoming and that its contents should be of such character as will allay existing irritation.

Little objection has been raised in America to Allied control of traffic between the United States and Europe, and the fact that the people of the Allied nations were forbidden to do business with certain American firms was ac-

cepted with hardly a murmur. When, however, the British Government announces that ships in British ownership trading out of American ports, possibly with South American or other neutral countries, shall discriminate as to which American citizens shall be allowed to send goods abroad, it has appeared to the American Government and the nation as a far-flung application of the "Trading with the Enemy" Act. It has transpired that some of those on the British "black list" are American citizens. Whether they are naturalized or native-born is beyond the point in the eyes of the American Government, for it is well to remember that in America no cognizance is taken of a person's previous allegiance after he has been admitted to the rights, privileges, and duties of citizenship. Naturalization is taken more seriously and accepted more wholeheartedly than in any other country, and under the American law, and as is provided by American Treaties with all other countries, there can be no such thing as dual nationality for a foreigner who becomes an American through process of law. As American citizens they are given as much consideration in the law as the native-born, and as citizens of a neutral country they are allowed full freedom to express their political and personal preferences in all matters, national and international.

The British Government has, naturally, not made public the reasons for the appearance of each name as it was added to the "black list," but it may reasonably be assumed that such prescribed persons have been convicted in the eyes of the British Government of being either actual allies of the enemies of England or else so sympathetic with the cause of the Central Empires as to make them obnoxious, or even dangerous, to Allied interests. If such persons were residents

upon British or Allied territory there would be nothing more to be said. The appearance of their names upon the "black list" would at once determine their status and put an end to their activities. Unfortunately, however, they happen to be residents of a neutral country far removed from the scene of war and possibly engaged in trade with other neutral countries, some of them even more remote from Europe.

A merchant vessel under the American law is a "common carrier," or, in other words, her carrying capacity is at the disposal of anyone who can secure the space and pay the price. Men have been sent to prison in America for favoring one shipper of goods above another, as this is an offense that comes under the head of unfair discrimination for the purpose of restraint of trade, and is punishable by fine or imprisonment or both. It can be assumed that in each case included within the "black list" the British Government had reasons good and sufficient to the "powers that be" for limiting their ability to trade, or at least preventing the use of British ships for that purpose. In many cases it may be quite contrary to public policy that these reasons be made public, but it is very evident that America is going to ask for evidence as to the necessity for this attempt to hamper the business operations of American citizens.

If it were possible for the British Government to set forth clearly and convincingly a real justification for this attempt to control sea-traffic at a remote and neutral source it would be received with satisfaction and relief by the countless American friends of the Allies. As the matter now stands, the whole situation is most unfortunate. The best friends of the Allies in the political and publicity worlds of America have confessed themselves as puzzled, and in consequence baffled in their attempts to defend the course of the Allies in everything, as they do. One of the most

influential newspapers in New York, a journal that has been strongly pro-Ally from the first day of the war, finds itself unable to say more than to express the belief that the British Government has made a mistake—that the gain to the Allied cause through the existence of the "black list" as applied to America is outweighed and overshadowed by the misunderstanding and irritation it has brought about in Anglo-American relations. This irritation is greater than is generally recognized in Europe. It found expression in the many resolutions introduced in Congress favoring retaliation. It was even proposed that the Allies should be denied the use of the mails and the telegraphs in America until the "black list" was done away with. In the end all the proposed retaliation measures were rejected and a compromise was agreed upon, which merely gave to the President the power to exercise his discretion in the matter of the clearance of British ships from American harbors.

The most significant feature of all this agitation is that at no time during the two years before the British "black list" went into operation could such a resolution have passed the Senate and House of Representatives and have received the signature of the President of the United States. It has passed, however, and it now rests with the British Government whether the President will be called upon to exercise his power to prevent a British merchantman from obtaining clearance from an American port. It is not believed in America that the President will ever be called upon to exercise this power, for a majority of the American people consider any really serious trouble between England and the United States as unthinkable. Great confidence exists that either through compromise or better understanding of British purpose some way will be found whereby Allied interests may be served to a degree without encroaching upon what are consid-

ered to be the rights of a neutral nation acting within its own domain.

Naturally, German agents and the pro-German Press have made the most of their opportunity. The British lion's tail has been twisted with extraordinary vigor. It was an Irish-American member of the Senate who wanted Congress to forbid the use of the mails and cables to British communications. On the other hand, the friends of the Allies, in Congress and out, gave voice to sentiments that would have aroused an audience of British soldiers to the utmost enthusiasm. The Allies have eloquent and able spokesmen in America, and the most eloquent and the ablest are the men who trace their ancestry back to that group of pioneers who landed on the stern New England coast nearly three centuries ago.

It has been assumed by some writers in England that such measures as were taken to make possible American retaliation for the "black list" found their inspiration in the fierce political campaign now in progress in America. It has been stated that the resolution passed by Congress giving power to the President to interfere with British shipping employed in the American trade was adopted with the idea of placating the German-American voters. This is a mistake. While it might have this effect to a certain degree, and some members of Congress may have voted for it with that idea in mind, it became a law because of a far more dignified and serious purpose, and it would not be safe for those upon whom responsibility rests to regard it otherwise. The resolution represents the minimum amount of retaliatory legislation suggested; all radical and extreme measures, such as were supported by the enemies of England, were rejected, and what was adopted may be accepted as representing a thoughtful, intelligent protest from America, justified in the mind of the nation by what is looked upon as an

invasion of American sovereignty over American territory.

Only by viewing the matter in this light can an adjustment be reached that will do away with the unfortunate situation that now exists. Whenever Allied interests have touched American affairs wide latitude has been given that the Allied nations should not be hampered in their struggle. The German complaint is that America has gone so far in this as to have abandoned her neutrality to the hurt of Germany. There is unquestionably a feeling in the United States that the Allies have benefited more from the attitude of America than have their enemies, and this feeling does not make for complacency when the impression gets abroad that England is using her sea-power with what is held to be unnecessary severity in directions from which it is believed little harm can come. It is, of course, for the British Government to decide whether or not it is worth while to run a serious risk of alienating a considerable part of the confidence and good-will now existing in America for the Allied cause. If no satisfactory explanation and justification can be set forth owing to considerations of public policy it might be the part of wisdom to weigh the gains against the losses before proceeding farther with the enforcement of the newly conceived rigors of the "black list." If it is possible to give the reasons for their existence, and it can be shown that their exercise is of vast importance to the safety of Allied interests, there is little doubt but that such explanation would soon retire the whole matter to a minor place in American public interest.

It is the earnest hope of those who in England and America believe most sincerely in the practicability and inevitability of a coming Anglo-American Entente which will in the future largely control the destinies of the world to the end that all mankind should be forbidden to disturb the peace, that the

British Government will recognize the seriousness of the present Anglo-American controversy and act accordingly. To merely escape the possible actual results of a serious clash of opinion is not the purpose of true diplomacy, for with nations as with individuals friendships are made or broken long before crises are reached. The idea was inculcated in the American mind many generations ago that alliances with foreign countries were dangerous and to be avoided. This idea has grown in strength and significance with each passing year, and as each generation came into its own it became more apparently a fundamental part of American foreign policy. It is a significant fact, however, that while it has never been even suggested that America should make an alliance with any non-English-speaking nation, the possibility of an Anglo-American Alliance has been seriously discussed and strongly advocated by many.

Great Britain is the only country with which America could possibly make any Treaty arrangements bearing even a likeness to an alliance, and the fact that the idea of such an arrangement is seriously entertained by no inconsiderable number of Americans, in spite of inherited prejudice against those foreign entanglements of which George Washington warned his countrymen, is striking evidence of the real bond that exists between the two nations regardless of superficial differences.

The conception of America as a country which has taken advantage of a war to become enormously rich is all too general in Europe. America was rich before the war, and the opening of hostilities in 1914 brought a serious check to an amazing growth that had taken a new spurt in 1912. The result of the war has been, in the end, to increase American foreign trade, bring about a flow of gold to American banks, and to overstimulate certain industries, which will suffer a reaction with the

end of war. The war has, however, largely increased the cost of living, the cost of manufacture, and has greatly dislocated many of the ordinary activities of American life. It is even possible to give in figures the actual material gain to America through increased sales to foreign countries—the only true measure of war profits to this neutral country.

For the two years of war the export balance in excess of that of normal times has been £426,000,000, or a maximum per capita gain of about £4, and from this should be deducted at the very least £3 for the cost of production and delivery. In other words, the American nation has so far made about £1 per capita profit out of the war situation. In that same period the increase of national wealth from other sources and for other reasons has been £8,000,000,000, or over £80 per capita. The debt to Europe has been reduced by £670,000,000, or about £6 10s. per capita; bank deposits have increased £13 per capita, and the value of manufactured products £19 per capita. The net gain from an increased foreign trade due to the war has only been one-eightieth of the gain made by the whole country in wealth and industry, and this war profit has gone largely to a comparatively small group of people, while the increase in national wealth from other sources has been widely distributed.

In the past four years the population of America has increased about 7 per cent, the national wealth 22 per cent, bank clearings 35 per cent, bank deposits 34 per cent, money in circulation 22 per cent, railroad revenue 38 per cent, agricultural output 12 per cent, and manufactured products over 40 per cent. To give the amounts would be but to confuse the mind, as they are so enormous, but as an illustration it may be said that while the total wealth of the whole British Empire before the war was about £26,000,000,000, the present total

wealth of the United States is now over £45,000,000,000, and this is practically all contained within a single country.

The future of a country of such large population and wealth cannot be but of the greatest interest and concern to the world, for here are limitless possibilities for the exercise of power. The taxable resources of the American nation have hardly been touched, and any policy that may be determined upon can be carried out without a qualm as to where the money is coming from. In population and in wealth America is now by far the most powerful country in the world. It is well within the resources of the American people to become the greatest military and naval power should such a position become their ambition. It is not, however, for America stands for a cessation of military adventure of one people against another. An American Navy is now in course of construction for coast-defense purposes that will within a few years serve as an effectual barrier to any attempt at invasion, no matter from which direction, and this same Navy will act as America's representative at the international counsels of the future.

The sole purpose for which this Navy has been created is to defend American territory from sea attack and to put it within the power of the American Government to offer effective support to any international agreement entered into. It is not difficult to believe that no international political agreement of the future to which America will be a party will be other than a peace pact of some form or other. A study of the past and present history of America, and a full understanding of the psychology of the nation, will bring much enlightenment to any impartial mind as to the reasons for the American position in the present war. The history of the nation has been an evolution of the belief that war was unprofitable for man-

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kind, and the accession to the population of the millions who have abandoned the Old World to its stew in the juice of militarism, and who have gone to America to escape the ferment, have made that community into one vast peace congress.

The people of England are not militarists. They go to war with reluctance, and once in it fight well to the end. They have finished their wars with rejoicings, and each time indulged the hope there would be no more conflicts at arms. The American ideals as to the right of humanity to live without fear of an invasion by others are the same as those of the British—in fact, they are but the flowering of the seed sown by British hands in the soil of a new England. The two nations are complements one to the other. They speak the same tongue, observe the same laws, and are struggling for a realization of the same ideals. In material ways the two countries are also complements one to the other. This is demonstrated by the fact that before the war the trade exchanges between England and the United States were the greatest between any two countries in the world. Together they are self-contained in all things desirable for the welfare of humanity in both spiritual and material directions.

Together they could direct the destinies of the world along paths accepted by the highest civilization as those leading to the ideal world state. Working alone, neither England nor the United States is sufficiently powerful to accomplish this end. The great latent power of America is at the call of England for co-operation. It would be a calamity to the world if, through seeking a temporary and inconsiderable advantage over a third party, the day of an Anglo-American Entente should be postponed by a moment. As has already been suggested, friendships are made or broken before crises are reached.

James Davenport Whelpley.

JAPAN'S PART IN THE WAR.

Our public knows little of the great part Japan has played, and continues to play, in the War, nor does it in the least appreciate, because it has not been told, how much we and the other Allies owe to her. In a vague, general sort of way, it has a strong impression that she has been of particular assistance to Russia, whereas the help which she has given to her former foe can, as a matter of fact, only be described as vital, a truth that Russia herself, one feels sure, would be the first to acknowledge. But it hardly even suspects that our debt—the debt of the British Empire—to Japan is by no means inconsiderable. Not that Japan speaks of debts in this connection; she says not one word about what this or that member of the Entente owes to her. Her attitude is that she is but taking her share of the colossal conflict, filling a rôle, which she has accepted, in a manner worthy of her position, dignity, and self-respect in the tragedy that German ambition and arrogance have brought upon the world. How large that share is, how important that rôle, should, however, be understood among us much better than they are.

It is impossible, of course, at present, to describe all that she has achieved on behalf of the common cause, but enough can be set forth to indicate the lines on which she has acted, and to suggest the extent of her co-operation with the other Entente Powers in defeating the enemy. In the earlier stages of the struggle the view was sometimes expressed in England that Japan should be invited to send large forces to Europe to support us in fighting the Central Powers. The matter got no farther, but the Japanese were extremely puzzled how such a thing could be mooted while there were hundreds of thousands of young men in the United Kingdom who were not in our Army, and apparently had no intention

of enlisting. With their devotion to the code, or creed, of *Bushido*, they found it difficult to comprehend such an extraordinary state of affairs. Official Japan, through Baron Ishii, the Foreign Minister, in an interview granted last November to a French journalist at Tokio, said that Japan would send a very strong army to Europe if it appeared to be desirable, but that such an eventuality had not hitherto been discussed by her. That she will ever be called on to consider this contingency does not now seem to be likely, though what will happen before the termination of the whole stupendous contest is reached no one will have the rashness to predict. But it may be noted that the Japanese statesman used the word *desirable* in his statement, thus implying the willingness of Japan to dispatch troops to Europe if fit occasion should arise. Her contribution to the cause has chiefly been of a naval and of a munitionary character, yet she has employed her land forces, as at Tsingtao, already in the War, and is prepared to use them elsewhere should such action appeal to her.

Before proceeding to describe what has been and is Japan's part in the War, it is proper to say something with respect to a phase of this subject which has scarcely received the attention that it merited. When hostilities began, Japan might conceivably have taken one of three courses other than that which she did pursue. First, she might have proclaimed her neutrality, and remained really neutral, like, let us say, Spain. Second, she might have elected to occupy the position which is popularly styled sitting on the fence, and then gone over to what she thought was the winning side, like Bulgaria. Third, and this was the most serious possibility, she might, from the commencement of the War, have thrown in her lot with the

Central Powers. There were some Japanese who inclined to the opinion that Germany and her friends would be victorious, but, again, this was not the official belief. It may be doubted whether our public has understood, or even glimpsed, how deeply grave the situation would at once have become if Japan had declared her neutrality, or, worse still, had come out definitely against the Entente Powers and joined forces with Germany. It is too much, perhaps, to say that in the latter circumstances it would have been hopeless to expect final success for the Allies, but it is not too much to say that the War, vast and terrible as it has been and is, would have been and be still vaster and more terrible, and its issue, in the final triumph of the Entente, infinitely more remote, if not altogether dubious.

There long has been current a rumor, which found its way into our newspapers as something more substantial, that at the outset the Kaiser dispatched a special message to the Emperor of Japan, asking him to take up arms on behalf of the Central Powers, but the present writer has authority for stating that this is false. Probably it gained some color from the implicit facts of the case, as they doubtless presented themselves to Germany. These facts were that even if Japan did not go in with her, but merely remained neutral, Russia would have to keep a million men or more in Siberia, France would be compelled to garrison her Indo-Chinese possessions with several army corps, and Great Britain be forced to maintain in the Indian and Pacific Oceans, for the protection of India, Australia, and New Zealand, to say nothing of Canada, a fleet at least equal to that of Japan, while her ability to draw on the Indian Army would be severely restricted. What a prodigious contribution in support of Germany would this diversion from Europe of the resources of the Entente Powers have been! Germany

knew this very well, as did Japan; but Germany also knew that Japan would have nothing to do with it or her. No such request was sent. Yet it is right for us to reflect that Japan could have gone against, or at any rate might not have joined, the Allies—with results that, to say the least, would have been most serious for them. It may therefore be stated quite accurately and justly that at the very start of the War Japan negatively—that is, by not declaring neutrality, and still more by not allying herself with the enemy—rendered the Entente the greatest possible of services. And when we come, farther on, to notice the services which she has rendered positively to the cause and see, for example, how she has munitioned Russia, we may well ask ourselves how Russia and the rest of us would be faring today if Japan had been on the other side.

Germany, as was said above, was well aware that Japan would have nothing to do with her. Why was this? To answer the question fully would require many pages of this Review, but a brief reply must be attempted, particularly as it has been suggested in Germany and elsewhere that Japan had an ulterior object in adhering to and in fighting alongside the Entente Powers—namely, to be in a position, as it is sometimes phrased, to “squeeze China.” It was the high and honorable view of Japan that she really had no option, and it may be pointed out that her entering upon the War was nothing but the logical consequence of her policy for the ten or twelve years which preceded the breaking out of the conflict. That policy, first of all, embraced the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which was initiated in 1902, and had its terms enlarged and revised in 1905 and 1911. The principal objects of this Alliance were the maintenance of peace and of the *status quo* in India and the Far East, with specific reference to the preservation of the independence and territorial integrity of

China. It was also provided that if Great Britain or Japan should be involved anywhere in a war arising from unprovoked attack or aggressive action by any Power or Powers, the other party should at once come to the military assistance of its ally. Next, that policy included *Ententes* with Russia and France which, in 1907, were embodied in Agreements or Conventions. A growing *rapprochement* between Russia and Japan found expression, three years later, in a further compact, which, as we saw in July of the present year, was to be extended into an Agreement that is tantamount to a formal alliance. Japan thus was in close relations not only with Great Britain but with the other two Powers originally forming the combination; she was, in fact, it may truthfully be asserted, a member of the Entente Group.

Years before Europe was clearly divided into the two camps whose opposition to each other became later so apparent, Japan had made deliberate choice between them, or, more accurately, between Great Britain and Germany. In the early days of the Meiji era, which transformed Old into New Japan, her people were little versed in foreign diplomacy, and were perhaps inclined to be too trustful. From the beginning of the period of German expansion which supervened on the unification of Germany, Japan was subjected to the wiles of the Germans, who posed as her friends. Her eyes were opened by the interposition of the Kaiser, when, in 1894, after the Treaty of Shimonoseki, by which China had ceded to her Korea and part of Southern Manchuria, including Port Arthur, he induced France and Russia to unite with Germany in a protest that resulted in her giving back to China the territory in Southern Manchuria that she had won. To that protest Great Britain declined to be a party, an action which gained the gratitude of Japan, who, before this, was disposed to

regard us with favor, because we had been the first to agree to the abolition of the "extra-territoriality" that had permitted foreigners to do pretty well what they like in the country. In 1902 came the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, in itself a blow to Germany. Again the Kaiser's hand was seen when he urged Russia to act in such a way that she and Japan went to war in 1904. Japan has never forgotten the Kaiser's work. It was in vain that Germany, perceiving the growing power of Japan, set out to court her, and that Count Reventlow and other German chauvinists eagerly suggested an *entente* with her. Japan maintained a "correct" attitude, but she was neither to be deceived nor caajoled. She knew that Germany was intriguing incessantly against her both in China and in the United States. In 1908 the Kaiser almost succeeded in bringing China into opposition to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, his scheme being to form an Alliance of China, the United States, and Germany against it. The present unrest, the mess, in China is largely due to German machinations.

So far at least as Eastern Asia was concerned, Germany's actual military power or strength was but modest, and Japan had no reason to fear it. Japan all the while was thoroughly cognizant of the tendency of German dreams throughout the world; it was the Far East, however, that primarily and steadily held her attention. She foresaw that sooner or later war would break out between Germany and the Entente, which meantime had developed on a firmer foundation, and that the struggle could not be localized or confined to Europe, but would spread to the Far East and involve the British possessions in Asia and the Indian Ocean. It was certain that Germany would not refrain from attacking British ships in the China Sea, or from a descent on Australia, or from any other action of which she was capable in that quarter

of the globe. Japan, whose chief pre-occupation and interest in the Far East is an enduring peace, did not want war, and after Germany had declared war on Russia, and France had come in, she waited to see what Great Britain would do. For her that was the determining factor, though her *ententes* with Russia and France inclined her to that side, and in any case there would be that disturbance in the Far East which she deprecated, for Russian and French territory and ships would be struck at by the Germans. When Great Britain joined in the conflict Germany instantly began belligerent action against British ships in the Chinese and Japanese waters by searching merchant vessels. Only a remnant of the German Asiatic Fleet had been left at Tsingtao, and the rest of it was quite prepared to attack Australia and the islands in the Southern Seas. Early in August the British Government asked Japan for assistance under the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and on the 15th of the month Japan sent what was in effect an ultimatum, demanding from Germany the withdrawal of all her warships from the China and Japan seas, and the delivery in a month's time to her of the leased territory of Kiaochao, with a view to restoring it to China afterwards. A reply was requested within a week and as it was not received Japan declared war on the 23d of August, 1914.

That declaration is now two years old, and in the obscuring rush and stress of all that since has happened it already appears almost ancient history. Yet it is one of the really great events of the period, perhaps of any period. On the day following the declaration of war the Emperor of Japan issued a rescript addressed to his people, which must always remain a leading document in the case. In this proclamation the Emperor said that Germany was busy with warlike preparations in Kiaochao (of which Tsingtao is the capital), and he spoke

of the threat to British shipping. The action of Germany, he pointed out, had compelled Great Britain, Japan's ally, to begin hostilities, and he commanded his subjects, high and low, to make every effort consistent with the law of nations to defeat the enemy. Japan, loyal to the Alliance, did not hesitate, but ranged herself by the side of the Allies, and it is especially noticeable that the Emperor placed no limits to the help Japan was to give, as he ordered his whole Army and Navy to carry on war against Germany with "all their strength." This meant that Japan was putting into the struggle an army whose peace-footing of 250,000 men could be raised by reserves to a couple of millions, and a fleet with a weight of upwards of 650,000 tons. Japan is not a rich country in the sense in which we speak of Great Britain or France as rich. Her war with Russia had imposed on her a debt of two hundred millions sterling, and the interest on it, together with the upkeep of her national services of all kinds, seriously strained her resources. Taxation was heavy, and from time to time protests came from some of the community that this or that service should be managed at less cost. It so happened that Japan, when she declared war on Germany, had in her treasury a surplus of ten millions sterling, which she had acquired by the most rigid economies spread over three years, including the involuntary retirement of three thousand functionaries of all grades. Financially Japan is not a Great Power, though she is destined to become one, and these ten millions, so hardly come by, were a tremendous sum to her, but she devoted them ungrudgingly to the War, and never asked her wealthy Allies for money.

Of the operations, in which about two battalions of the British forces were present, thus demonstrating the solidarity of the Allies, and which resulted in the capture of Tsingtao and the occupa-

tion of the district of Kiaochao, nothing need be said here. The public is already pretty well informed about them; indeed, they may be said to be practically the only Japanese actions with respect to which it has any real knowledge. Considering the vast scope of the War, Japan did not look upon the taking of Tsingtao, though it was a fine achievement, as a very remarkable feat of arms in itself or comparatively, and she will never make a boast of it. Japan rather looked to the complete extirpation of the German canker in the Far East, and Tsingtao was a step, though a most important one, in that direction. The moral effect of the success was very great in China and throughout Eastern Asia, and was of the utmost advantage to the cause of the Entente. If it did not at the moment appear to sound the death-knell of Germany in the Far East, it gave pause for a while to German intrigue in China and elsewhere, and led many Easterns to question whether Germany were that overwhelmingly strong Power which she vaunted herself to be. Besides taking from Germany her naval base in the Far East in the shape of Tsingtao, the Japanese performed a great service to the Allies by immobilizing by the siege the ships of the enemy in the harbor which otherwise might easily have raided and wrought serious damage on such centers as Hongkong and Singapore. Japan's fleet was active in the Indian and Pacific Oceans protecting the commerce of the Allies, and making things generally unpleasant for the Germans. In October, 1914, Japan seized the Marshall Islands, one of which, Jaluit, was a German naval base, as well as the Ladrones and the Carolines in the Western Pacific. She is at present administering the Caroline and Marshall Islands, with the exception of Namu.

From the naval point of view Japan's part in the War has been and remains of exceptional importance. There was

an impression that her activities in the struggle would practically cease with her land conquests, but the truth is that her fleet has never been idle. In the first year of the conflict Japanese warships protected the coasts of Australia, New Zealand, and British Columbia at a time when German cruisers were in the Pacific. The Legislature of British Columbia has publicly acknowledged the service which Japan performed on behalf of that province of Canada. It has not yet transpired how much the Japanese navy did in hunting down the *Emden*, or in bringing von Spee's ships to book in the battle of the Falkland Islands, but one day no doubt we shall all learn to what extent it co-operated with the British in these affairs. Troops from Australia and New Zealand have been convoyed to Suez with the assistance of Japanese cruisers not once but continually. Now and then we got a notion of what was going on in this way, as when we read that members of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force had presented a silver model of a Maori war canoe as a compliment to Captain Kato of the Japanese warship *Ibuki*, which had been one of the guardships of the transports bound for Egypt. A more general, and at the same time much better, idea of what Japan has done and is doing at sea is obtained from a statement made in the Japanese Parliament last year by Admiral Yashiro, Minister of Marine, who said that since the occupation of Kiaochao the strength of the Japanese squadrons which were constantly employed in co-operating in one way or another with the British fleet was 225,000 tons, or about the total strength of the Navy of Japan in her war with Russia. And this takes no account of the work done by her mercantile marine.

With the main concentration of the British Navy in the North Sea and guardships around the shores of the United Kingdom and in the Atlantic,

and with the French and Italian Fleets in the Mediterranean, Japan naturally takes charge of the Eastern Seas and the ocean routes from Hongkong to Vancouver, from Singapore to Suez and Zanzibar. This, however, is not to say that none of the warships of the other Allies is in these great waters, but it is Japan who is primarily responsible for them, and in carrying out this task she has used a naval strength double that of the British Eastern and Australian Fleets prior to the War. Today she still is keeping watch and ward over the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and voyagers upon them can testify to her incessant patrol, as they have seen it with their own eyes. There was a report in the German Press that after the sinking of two of her liners she had stationed cruisers in the Mediterranean, but this would not appear to be correct. Part at least of the Russian troops now fighting by the side of the French and the British on the Western Front embarked from Dairen, a Japanese port in Manchuria. And perhaps at this point it may be mentioned that last March Japan handed back to Russia, though of course for value received, the two battleships *Sagami* and *Tango*, and an armored cruiser, the *Soya*, which eleven or twelve years ago had figured in the list of the Russian Navy as the *Peresviet*, *Poltava*, and *Variag*. These ships had been sunk by Japan in the Russo-Japanese War, but had been raised, refitted, re-armed, and made entirely serviceable. By their return Japan gave Russia a fleet in the Pacific, and this is only one of many instances that show how completely former animosities have passed away, and how thorough is the understanding between the two Powers. Though the activities of the Japanese Navy have been and are so great, they fortunately have cost Japan very little in ships, her only loss of any account, and that inconsiderable, being incurred during the Tsingtao op-

erations, when the *Takachiho*, a third-class cruiser, one destroyer, one torpedo-boat, and three mine-sweepers were destroyed. It may be added that her Navy is now stronger than ever before in its brief but wonderful history.

When the full story of the War comes to be written it will probably be thought that, as events turned out, Japan's greatest contribution to the cause of the Allies consisted in the magnificent manner in which she munitioned Russia. It is a process which is still going on at present, with, if anything, accelerating momentum and in increasing volume. In November of last year the Japanese Foreign Minister, in the interview to which reference has already been made, stated, after mentioning that two Japanese arsenals were incessantly at work producing immense quantities of munitions for Russia, that of the men Russia had mobilized at that time only one third was armed, and that Japan was arming the rest. Considering the millions of Russians in the field, this was a prodigious effort, and to overtake it Japan invoked all her industrial resources, employing every available mill and factory, night and day, throughout her Empire, and turning away orders from China, her chief market, which in normal circumstances she would have filled to her great profit. But it is not only Russia she has assisted with munitions, for we ourselves have obtained them from her. At the outset of the War she was well supplied with military stores, and she opened them without reserve to her Allies. It is well known that she sent rifles to Kitchener's Armies, but it is not so well known that she also provided guns for the British Navy, and is still making them for it. She has furnished rifles to all the other Allies except Italy. And it should not be forgotten in casting up the account that, owing to the comparative cheapness of Japanese labor, the Allies of Japan obtain munitions from her at a

much lower cost than, say, from the United States, and that Japanese skill results in quite as first-class workmanship. Rifles in Japan are just about half the price of American rifles, and are equally good. Further, another element may be observed. In America munitions are turned out by private factories and establishments, spurred on chiefly by commercial gain, whereas in Japan it is the Japanese Government itself, or that Government standing behind and helping in every way in its power the private manufacturers of Japan, that looks after and ensures the output.

During the last year Japan furnished Russia with munitions of all kinds to the value of twenty millions sterling, pouring them into the Russian depots *via* the Trans-Siberian Railway from Vladivostok and Dairen. But she had begun to give munitions in considerable quantities to her old enemy almost from the commencement of hostilities. In the second week of September, 1914, *The Times* correspondent at Petrograd telegraphed that he was permitted to state that heavy siege guns purchased from Japan at the outset of the War were already at the Front. All the world is aware that the retreat of the Russian Armies from Galicia, Poland, Lithuania, and Courland during the summer of 1915 was entirely due to their shortage of guns, rifles, and ammunition, yet, prior to the fall of Warsaw in August of that year, Japan had sent to Russia, to speak of rifles alone, a number quite sufficient to arm no fewer than fifty-two divisions, or, put in other terms, something like three-quarters of a million rifles, with a considerable quantity of field artillery, besides heavy guns. It was after Warsaw had succumbed that Japan, at the request of the Allies, so greatly expanded her capacity for providing military supplies, and mobilized all her industrial resources. Russia has done and is doing much towards rem-

edying her lack of munitions, but she was not nor is a great industrial country, and without the energetic and unsparing assistance of Japan Alexeieff could hardly have conceived or Brusiloff carried out with such splendid success the superb offensive which began south of the Pripiet on the 4th of June of the present year, and which marks, to all appearance, the turn of the tide in the War. Japan's help to Russia includes clothing, boots, and practically everything in the way of equipment needed by the Russian soldiers. Some idea of the scale on which these supplies have proceeded may be gained from the fact that in 1915 Japanese mills made eight million yards of cloth for the Russian Armies, to which the Japanese Government added about two million yards more from its military stores. Russia showed her keen appreciation of Japan's prodigious efforts on her behalf by sending the Grand Duke Mikhailovitch to Tokio on a mission of thanks in January last. At a banquet at which the Japanese Emperor was present and toasted Russia, the Grand Duke, in reply, said that Japan's sympathy with Russia, and the immense assistance she had rendered to Russia during the War, had created a feeling of unbounded gratitude in his country and guaranteed a lasting friendship between the two empires.

Though financially Japan, as already remarked, is a modest Power, she yet has helped the common cause to a considerable extent with regard to the finance of the Allies. In January of last year the general position of trade and commerce in that country was not particularly bright, but as, of course, Japan has made a good deal of money from munitions and out of her shipping, it has vastly improved. In October the receipts derived by the Japanese Government from munitions were sufficient to render unnecessary the issue of Exchequer bonds, and the national gold

reserve has increased rapidly. Japan has not been financed by the other Allies, and when we hear, as we sometimes do, that Great Britain is financing all her Allies an exception must be made in the case of Japan, for she has not had a loan from us or, for that matter, from anybody else. On the contrary, she has subscribed to the loans issued by the other Allies, or taken action which is equivalent to the same thing. Thus Japan had twelve millions in gold deposited in New York, and she virtually has transferred it to Great Britain by taking British Treasury bonds in London against that amount. To help to finance Russia Japanese bankers have bought five million pounds worth of Russian bonds, and have arranged to take in the near future an equal amount. With regard to France, the Japanese Budget for the current year sets aside five millions sterling for the redemption of Japanese railway bonds, which had been placed in Paris before the War. When the comparative poverty of the Japanese people is recalled, it must be admitted that even in the field of finance Japan is doing what she can. Of the sixty millions to which her gold reserve has grown, she keeps by far the larger part in London, and this is at once an assistance for us in our own finance, and at the same time a distinguished proof of her confidence. In Japan, as in other countries, the War has had a prejudicial effect on some industries, and there will be a period of reorganization and reconstruction when the conflict is at an end, but preparation is being made for it, and on the whole she will be in a strong position financially. For one thing, unless circumstances change profoundly, she will have reduced her debt—not increased it, like her Allies.

Undoubtedly the position of Japan as one of the Great Powers of the world has been strengthened and more firmly

established than ever before by her action in the War and what has come out of it. Her recent Agreement with Russia marks an advance in prestige and influence that is most notable. The terms of that compact provide that neither Russia nor Japan will be a party to any arrangement or political combination directed against the other. The two Powers pledge themselves that, in case the territorial rights or special interests in the Far East of either, which are recognized by the other, should be threatened, they will take counsel together with regard to the adoption of measures for safeguarding and defending those rights and interests. To some extent the Agreement runs on lines similar to those of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and German comment on it was significant of disappointment and chagrin. Characteristically Germany attempted to sow discord among the Allies from it, and suggested it was a blow at Great Britain, hinting that it even might be regarded as taking the place of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, instead of its being the complement of the latter as is the truth. The Agreement was made with the full knowledge and the complete approval of Great Britain, who is naturally desirous that the relations between Russia and Japan should be those of enduring friendship, and when it was published it was welcomed in England. In this attitude Germany, however, sees nothing but our usual and habitual "hypocrisy." So, the *Cologne Gazette*. This leading German journal, after stating that the Agreement strengthened to an extraordinary degree the position of Japan in the Far East, and rendered the exploitation by her of China easier as doing away with Russian opposition, said that under it the sufferer was Great Britain—together with the United States—and that our influence as well as that of America in China was being lessened more and more

by Japan. The Agreement really further cemented the alliance of Great Britain with Russia and Japan, and Germany of course was silent respecting the fact that it brought to nothing her intrigues for a separate peace which had been as incessant as unscrupulous. In January of this year the Marquis Okuma, the Japanese Prime Minister, declared that Japan adhered and would continue to adhere to the Pact of London, by which the Entente Powers covenanted not to make a separate peace with the enemy.

We still have large interests in China, and it is of great importance that we should understand how Japan views that immense and none too stable empire. And it is perhaps as well that it should be pointed out again that during the War our people and our interests in China have owed their security to the loyalty of Japan to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the Entente. That same Alliance postulates the independence and integrity of China, and the "open door." As everybody knows, the continued existence of that vast country as an independent state would be problematical in the extreme if there were not a genuine disposition among the Great Powers to maintain it. At present the independence of China, as well as her territorial inviolability, is to all intents and purposes guaranteed by Great Britain, France, Russia, Japan, and the United States. In the negotiations which took

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place last year between China and Japan the latter secured certain valuable rights and concessions such as ninety-nine-year leases of the South Manchurian Railway and the Antung-Mukden Railway, to which she already had an excellent title. She also made certain demands of a novel nature, and though these were withdrawn, they yet indicated her attitude towards China and to the outside world with respect to China. Among these demands was one that China should undertake not to cede or lease any portion of her coastline or islands off the coast to any Power other than Japan; China countered this by issuing a proclamation that she would not alienate any part of her coast or any of her islands to any Power. Japan does not wish to see China dismembered, nor does she desire to become dictator of China. On the other hand, she cannot afford to see China drift into anarchy and chaos. She would prefer that China should be sufficiently strong to govern herself and be independent of others. Japan has shown her sympathy with the reform movement in China by giving advice and offering all possible assistance to the new President and his Government. Japan would like to get China, whose civilization is that of many centuries ago, into line with the modern world. But whatever irresponsible Japanese chauvinists may say, the policy of Japan with regard to China remains based on the independence of that empire

Robert Machray.

DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

CHAPTER XII.

I EAT MY HEART FOR AN IDLE YEAR.

Like a young Corsican Usurper marching from victory to victory, Georgy annexed the Lodge, its in-

habitants, retainers and tributary tribes.

With as little self-consciousness or *mauvaise honte* as a sovereign prince she assumed the right to go where she pleased, do what occurred to her as worth doing, and say whatsoever came

into her noddle. Her fresh, boisterous presence, ringing laughter and frank inquisitiveness were revelations to her hosts and their saddened and demure household.

And to me: for during our enforced companionship the child had shown me little of this side of herself. After our first meeting she had been cowed by cold, and the uncouth miseries of campaigning with disheartened and wolfishly selfish men.

Every girl-child with the makings of a noble woman about her has a touch of the Black Kitten somewhere within her soft little bosom. I might have known that Georgy had, for poor Gredel's understudy had felt its claws at Dessau. Since that diverting explosion my size and sex had won for me an ascendancy which was daily weakening now that the child found herself in settled surroundings and realized her safety and that she was in kindly, not to say indulgent hands.

Reaction had come, and Miss Mad-cap misbehaved not once nor twice.

Within a week of our home-coming I found her bullying one of my farm-boys to set her upon a mare upon its way from the stables to the plough.

"Push me up. . . . Shove, you fool!—O, damn this petticoat!"

"Georgy, come down!" said I. "Wakelyn, get along with you!" Tossing a leg over the tops of the hames, she slid to the ground, and stood crumpling her pinafore, defiantly naughty.

"Now, young lady, what d'ye mean by such language? I suppose ye know that it is swearing?"

As she did not reply I took her by the arm. She ducked and backed away from me, reddening hotly and catching her breath. I had seen her frightened before, there was no mistaking the action.

"Answer me, Georgy!" said I in my best voice.

"O, please, dear, darling Van Schau,

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I really will be good! O, yes, of course I did know. . . . The Gräfinn would have whipped me soundly, the old beast! But, she said 'dam' herself, so why shouldn't I? . . . O, please don't look so fierce!"

I tried not to laugh. It seemed too serious. "Try to forget that poor, dead woman and all her ways, Georgy. Watch Mrs. Ellwood, copy her speech and actions and looks, my dear."

I had released her arm, firm and round within the sleeve of a new woolen frock, already soiled by her scramblings. In an instant she had leaped beyond my reach, giggling impudently. "And you say *dam*, too, Van Schau!—for I heard you when I was poorly, and Herr Lindquist upset the broth! Yes, you did!—*dam*, *dam*, *DAM!*" she shrieked, snapping her fingers at me in mockery. "Wait for me, you boy, there!" and in another minute she had overtaken Wakelyn and was remounting Old Nosegay from the top of a gate; yes, and was cocking a snook at me in the rudest manner in the world! I was deeply mortified.

But my dear old mistress's sweet face expressed more amusement than concern at the story of my failure.

"I am not going to take up a burden about a few coarse expressions at this time: they will drop off and be forgot within a couple of months, as thou wilt see. The child is imitative and will hear nothing of the sort at Winteringhame.

"But sit thee down, dear friend, and try to remember more of your first meeting. Yes, I have heard it once, but would hear it again upon the chance of learning something. Any least crumb of information may help us to identify this creature. Be sure someone's heart is sore for the loss of so fine a lassie. Dost think such are left beside every road? What was the poor dead woman like? What did she say?"

But, 'twas hopeless, nor did a final inquest upon the little valise afford a clue.

A month's residence upon my own lands wrought in me, as it seldom fails to do, a deep and well-merited self-contempt.

The sight of Abel's carefully planned and unintermitted labors for me, his canal-dock deepening and widening under the shovels of three hundred navvies, his new roads, bridges, cottages, allotments and school-houses, alternately filled me with thankfulness that such a fellow existed and had power to express his will upon the countryside, and depressed me with a consciousness of my own stupidity and sloth.

What had I done? Nothing! What was I fit for? Truly, beyond riding to hounds and shooting rabbits, there seemed nothing at Winteringham with-in my compass.

The inward uplift, which a year before had followed that intimation that I—(even I!—do but fancy it!) had a place and a work awaiting me, was weakened by twelve months of failure.

I must to Town again and do what might be possible to obtain military employment, the one opening for such poor abilities as mine.

And in this the Ellwoods sorrowfully but understandingly acquiesced.

"I doubt if any of us knows what his real work is until it is done," said Abel, adding, "Thine, George, it seems is still to do."

"Why, yes," I answered ruefully, "so far I have little to show for a year's service against the French without scratch given or taken. I am as big a fool at soldiering as at all other trades. Here you see me a good-for-nothing!—a waster—!"

"Nay, for thou hast brought us home *this!*" said my mistress, beaming down upon Georgy, who, restored to the restraints of petticoats, was sitting at her

preceptress's feet, stitching a sampler, and making botchwork of it, as even I could see.

"Ah, yes, just a pet Tomboy!—Please don't pitch woolballs at me, Georgy, it isn't young-ladylike. We must copy Mrs. Ellwood and try to grow genteel."

"So you are always telling me," said the child, springing across the room to recover her missile, and giving me a knock by the way. "But, really, I am improving already. No more throwing myself into rages, no more slapping and screaming and pinching, as I used to do with the Gräfinn. Why don't I feel that way here? Is it because there is no one who vexes me and whom I feel I must break out upon?"

"O, you are all as kind as kind!" she glanced around the room, flew back to her hassock and flinging herself upon her knees, buried a rosy face in Mrs. Ellwood's lap and covered the thin white hands with kisses.

We exchanged smiles, but sat silent.

At my going she broke down and hung upon my neck sobbing, "O, my duckie Van Schau, don't leave me! I shall miss ye so. I cannot learn this 'thee' and 'thou.' Why was I not taught *tutoyer* in the English? Mrs. Ellwood is a dear sweet darling, and I dote upon Mr. Ellwood, he is teaching me flowers. I know Celandine and Dog's Mercury, Snowdrop, Primrose and Aconite already. But, Mr. Abel is . . . ugh!" she indulged in a comical grimace, and I knew from twenty little signs that my old friend and my new ward were antipathetic.

He knew it too, and was silently chagrined.

"Take her around the estate with ye, man," said I when we were alone. "Set her upon a pony and ye will be friends yet."

Dawnay received me with open arms as one returned from the tomb.

Always a bad and dilatory correspondent, I had neglected to write him of my coming up.

"My dear Doodles! may I be hanged if this don't beat cock-fightin'! *Where* have ye been? *When* did ye land? By *what* route did ye wriggle through 'em? *How* have ye got on? Out with it!" He held me by the shoulders meantime, pushing me around the room, for Bob is of the sort who think through the medium of their muscles, and is apt to be inarticulate when at rest.

Like the Ellwoods my old school-fellow had heard nothing of me since the disaster to the Prussian forces nor knew whether I survived or had fallen. My stay in Stockholm, as you will remember, had been a matter of a few hours, chiefly spent in a boat-shed. There had been no opportunity for communicating with the British Minister, nor is it to be supposed that His Majesty King Gustaf apprised that gentleman of his intention to shoot an Englishman. Hence I had brought the news of my arrival to Town as I had done to Winteringham.

The guardsman punctuated my story with many By Joves and By Georges. "And now," said he at last, after cursing the unfortunate monarch from whom I had escaped, "ye are out of the Swedish service for good, I take it. Are ye available for any other?—as against the French, I mean? Did ye give your parole?"

I had not, having been exchanged, as I have related.

"Then ye will be wanting another billet, and that is where I score, eh? There must be employment for a fellow such as you, a man with three or four languages at his tongue's end, and the devil's own luck for pulling through with a whole skin whilst the finest army in Europe is knocked into a cocked hat all around him."

He walked about the room rubbing

his chin and regarding me askance whimsically.

"Who will help us this time, Doodles? Mind ye, 'twas by no influence of mine that ye got your passports last year.

"Nor had Maemahon a finger in your pie. The fellow spoke for ye, but the Duke of York gave him the cold shoulder.

"Nor have ye to thank the redoubtable Mary Anne for your opportunity: the woman does not know your name: so much I have discovered. Whom shall we approach, and by what channel? Faith, my boy, I am as near pounded as makes no difference. Prinny is useless at the moment, he has quarreled with the Commander-in-Chief. They are not upon speaking terms.

"This thing won't do for Town," he fingered my greatcoat. "Come round with me to my tailor." He did not take his hat, and was giving me but half his mind since his first enthusiasm for my news had died. The man was strolling around the room, occasionally kicking a hassock, a trick of his which I knew of old and associated with some disturbance of mind. Out it came.

"The man is a fool, D., or worse: yes, Prinny. He married that hoydenish woman from Brunswick not for herself, but to secure the settlement promised by ministers, for he was desperate for money at the time, they tell me.

"No sooner had he touched the coin than he deserted her, and now is worse off than before the match, as hard-up as ever, and tied to a creature whom he detests, and who despises him, and with a charge of bigamy always hanging over him.

"And what must be the feelings of the only woman he ever truly cared for?—his wedded wife, Doodles, that faithful soul, the Fitzherbert? . . . Hillo, lunch-time!

"Come along to *Arthur's* with me. Things may be bad, but they will be worse if we miss the undercut from the joint."

But 'twas not Dawnay who could do my business. In March the King quarreled with the Whigs for wishing to emancipate the Catholics, and one day Bob bounced into *Fennell's* with, "Confound 'em, Doodles, the ministry is out, and we must begin all over again with new men!"

A month later his hopes were high. "Castlereagh is treating with the Northern Powers, and your Swedish and German should ensure ye employment in the expedition he is sending to the Baltic."

But the Whigs before leaving office had dispersed the fleet of transports: nothing was ready, and, by the time that our troops sailed, the whole face of the war had changed, Russia had been beat at Friedland, and our next news was that the fickle young Autocrat had fallen in love with his conqueror, and that Cossack and Corsican had kissed and made friends at the expense of everybody else! (Peace of Tilsit, June 25, 1807.—*Ed.*)

O, what times! what times!

During this year, the most tedious of my life, for hope deferred is sickening, I had many an hour upon my hands, and having discovered that I had this gift for languages, cast about me as to which I should next attack, and by chance, or some remembrance of Mr. Eustace Smith's encomium upon *Don Quixote*, decided for Spanish, nor saw cause to regret my choice when news arrived early in the following year that the French had invaded Spain. (A few months earlier they had seized Portugal.) But, so far as realizing my hopes was concerned, I seemed as out of it as ever; a fellow in the heyday of his strength, ready for anything, debarred from everything.

Under such conditions, lest he begin eating his heart, a man must find himself occupation, which in the case of a fellow who is not blest with brains, means work for his limbs.

Whilst in Sweden, under General Gunn's advice, I had taken lessons in *escrime*. "Our people are indifferent swordsmen, Mr. Fanshawe, and in your case, being in a foreign sairvice, I wad prefair to see the defect rectified. It is possible that in defense of yer ain honor ye may find yersel in a predeecament whaur the choice of weepoon may lie wi' yer opponent, and, gin he names swoords, whaur wad ye be?"

So I had practised with sabre and small-sword until my instructor—a French refugee, *duc*, and *maître d'armes*, assured me that I was not below the general level, and was naturally of an abnormal reach. These lessons I now resumed in Town. Also pistol-practice both with the holster-arm and the lighter dueling weapon.

Dawnay and I had a bout with the foils, or with the gloves, twice a week. I was the better man with the steel, he, as in our mill at Eton fourteen years earlier, the harder hitter with the kids. We also frequented a private gallery, where we shot off small wagers, bottles of port, and the like, Abel being afar, and I doing at Rome as do the Romans!

This is too cynical. The uses of confession, whether auricular or open, are disputable. Let me subscribe to the general form of my Church. During this wasted year I fell below myself, doing those things which I ought not to have done. Methinks I was not built to be a holy man.

The times were lawless, and the ferocity of the lower orders had to be reckoned with by those out after dark in Town, or traveling country roads. 'Twas this very year that Allent the Robber got his deserts. This ruffian had stopped many coaches, and when a

Mr. Sarjeant, whom he had attacked, held a pistol to his breast and called upon him to yield, what must the fellow do but trade upon his captor's unwillingness to fire, and shoot him dead! He was pursued like a fox, beat up in covert near Patchman by a line of dragoons, ridden down as he ran, and shot whilst standing to arms in a pond, a pistol in each hand.

As was the mode with men of fashion, Dawnay and I took a room in the *Magpie and Stump* opposite Newgate to see Finch, Tomlinson and Pearce hanged upon the New Machine as 'twas then called.

Pearce, a horse-thief, was overcome by the terrors of death, but the others, whose crime was to have returned after transportation, conversed affably whilst standing beneath the bar, with Ketch arranging the nooses, and were in the act of shaking hands when the drop fell.

Bob and I just missed Sir Francis Burdett's duel with Paull on Wimbledon Common, the parties having rid off in chaises to a surgeon's before our arrival. Later we stood outside the New Hummums in St. George's to watch the Radical Baronet chaired by his supporters. A mighty comical sight, tho' one at which it would have been unwise to have laughed.

We saw "Gentleman" Jackson beat James Belcher and agreed the fight should have been given to Belcher on a foul, for the winner held the beaten man by the hair, a thing we never did at Eton.

Bob was not always a help to me, though he claimed, absurdly enough, that I was to him. "If ye put down more port when I dine with you than when ye sit alone, Doodles, the Recording Thingummy must in common fairness give ye marks for keeping me within bounds. I drink better wine here, and less of it, than I do at any other house in Town." So passed twelve months.

I remember one night assisting him into a coach, and sending him back to his quarters between my own man and a steady fellow upon *Fennell's* staff: the guardsman being scarce fit to take care of himself, and I, though clear in the head, weak in the knees. 'Twas after an occasion such as this, when we had somewhat exceeded, that I lay late the following morning, and awakening, or thinking of awakening, remembered that 'twas an Anniversary.

As the thought formed itself in my mind I heard a sound of gentle voices through a closed door, and though I could not gather the sense of what was said, knew that those speakers spoke of me. One voice, a voice that I knew well, detached itself from the others, a door opened, and my love passed through my room murmuring. She did not address me, nor look in my direction, but spoke softly and went; nor could I understand what she said, but felt the impression of her sorrow and my own degradation. She was with me still. I had power to grieve her. Was this the deepest curse, or the highest blessing of love?

I had seen and had heard her, but knew that I was unworthy to share her thoughts, or to hear more than the bare tones of her speech.

In a moment I was out of bed and upon my knees. Long I knelt, and desperately did I pray. Later a homesickness overcame me, a desire for clean living, better company, and finer things of flesh and spirit. The society of good women.

I had let slip a duty: had stifled a call. Late as the season was, I rode down into Cheshire seeking peace of mind. A great white comet stood in the northern heavens as I rode. I remember wondering what it stood for, and who was to die.

Behold me once more at Wintering-hame, finding my friends as quietly, as indefatigably, busy as ever, and

my ward developing into a bouncing maiden, shot up and still growing, well-shaped and with promise of a figure.

As for looks, the creature had a delicious cream-and-rose complexion due to fresh air, health and the fineness of skin which goes with any hint of red in the hair (hers had been pale gold, but was darkening slightly). Beauty I doubt if any of us gave a thought to at the time, certainly none of us could have foreseen what was in store for her and us.

Georgy was beyond measure improved in carriage, manner and address. This goes without saying, for who could have resisted the influences which were moulding her as they had moulded me?

I was still her hero. Van Schau, as she persisted in calling me, was as dear to her as ever and as warmly welcomed, openly, loudly, without thought of what others might think.

But her repugnance to Abel was already a mood of the past. That good fellow had laid himself out to educate her in the only way in which a very busy man can deal with an active-minded, proud girl, I mean by showing her that she could be of use to him, and letting her feel that her efforts to help were appreciated.

I heard speak of lessons from some private tutor but paid no attention to the matter at the time, leaving such things in the hands of those upon the spot and better qualified.

I had rid north upon an impulse given by a phrase in a business letter from Abel, "Georgiana is quite recovered." From *what*? 'Twas just like his unseasonable reticence to give the result whilst withholding the cause, and I, pricked by a sudden nervousness, went to find out.

On the afternoon of my arrival, sitting with my dear old mistress over a dish of tea, the girl's ringing voice in

converse with Abel sounded in the porch.

"The man was putting in bad stuff where he thought it would never be seen, Abel—"That is a streak of sap," said I. "It ain't, miss," said he. "Well, thou'lt take it out, all the same," said I, and waited till it was done, which makes me late. . . . *Van Schau*? . . . Where? . . . O, glory!" and she was in upon me with a rush, a torrent of questions, kisses and happy laughter.

Next day, or was it not later? for my horse was fresh which he would not have been on the day after a journey,—my lady must take me to see some cottages which were going up under her personal supervision.

Submitting to her guidance I found myself let in for a line of small fences, which her pony, an animal hardly up to his mistress's increasing weight, took gallantly.

"You have come on in your riding, Georgy," said I. "But, what is this that I hear of a broken collar-bone?"

"Oh, Mrs. Ellwood should not have told thee of that. 'Twas just a stupid little blunder of Taffy's," said Taffy's pilot, in her most offhand manner, taking the lead as she spoke to open a gate that blocked our path. That is how I interpreted her action, but, next moment she had caught her beast by the head and was cramming him resolutely at the obstacle which was new and stiff, a well-mortised piece of field-carpentry in yellow oak, a five-barred gate after Abel's own pattern, and a thing which would have stopped nineteen men out of twenty when hounds were running and was wholly unjustifiable in cold blood.

There was nothing I could do. To have remonstrated would not have arrested the rider and might have distracted the attention of the horse. With my heart in my throat I saw that Taffy disliked the job but feared his

mistress. He rose at it, hit it hard, scraped over the top-bar with a rattle of shin-bones on timber, landed with a scramble, peeked, but saved the roll.

"Hurrah!" shouted Georgy, "that is the place where he made his blunder and pitched me upon my shoulder. I said he should take it properly next time I asked him!"

"You are a naughty, wicked girl!" said I crossly, for I had suffered an abominable fright, and was now angry. "You have made me feel ill, and I shall . . . shall . . ." I stopped, for I knew not what to say or do. How is one to treat such a girl as this?

"What wilt thou do, Van Schau?" asked the young culprit demurely, slipping to the ground to open the gate for me and remounting with an ease that any boy might have envied.

"I shall . . . let me see. I think, upon the whole, I shall . . . Well, never mind what I shall do. Your punishment can hang over whilst I turn it about in my mind."

But this did not suit the young puss at all. Even disagreeable certainty is more tolerable than suspense; so she was for wheedling and began with,

"O, dear, darling Van Schau, don't be a horrid wretch! And, whatever thou dost to me don't spoil sport! If Abel knows he will never let me ride alone, and will put a stupid foreman over my cottages, and I shall just hate him as I used to before he began to be nice.

"And if Mrs. Ellwood hears she will look at me with those dear eyes of hers until I cry for shame, for really and truly I told lies to them about my collar-bone and Taffy's mistake."

"This is quite the worst thing I ever heard tell of you, Miss Georgiana. Swear to me that ye will never deceive them again, and I'll let ye off, or, at least, I'll tell ye plainly what I am going to do to ye. Now, swear!"

"Mustn't," replied the girl with the

face of a saint on a church porch. "I am to be brought up a Friend, and thou knows, Van Schau, that we bear our testimony against oaths."

I roared, and whilst I still panted and crowed, that young thing laid her pony alongside and hooked me by the arm.

"Now, be a duckie, do! and promise thou wilt not tell 'em at the Lodge; and on my side no more fibs. I don't tell them often now, as I used to when first I came. They made the old dear grieve so. She prayed with me, actually! And then I had to cry, I couldn't stand it! So, no more of 'em, I swear faithful! Now, out with it! my punishment, I mean."

"It shall be this," said I, with deliberate gravity, "I shall most severely present ye with a fifteen-two horse."

She squealed with delight, and almost stood upon her saddle to give me a kiss.

"For," I went on, pushing her down into her seat, "look ye, Miss Georgiana Gee, to put a fourteen-hand pony at four feet of stiff timber is cruelty. Ye will presently be the death of poor Taffy, and your real punishment shall be to see him in the garden-cart. I am thinking for him, ye see. You? who is talking about you? Your neck will never be broke."

"That's over, then," she remarked sedately, settling herself again in the saddle. "And, now tell me (truly, mind!). Did I come forward when he peeked?"

What a creature for fourteen!

CHAPTER XIII.

A GRACIOUS LADY AND TWO DUKES.

Back in Town reading Castilian with my refugee, and making fruitless efforts to get me something to do, and so the year wore away, and hunting had begun again and for the sake of my liver I must see hounds once a week.

One clear, mild day in late December, a Saint Martin's Summer day it was, I was walking the streets of the west-end of Town wondering how it came about that at my age, and with my means, I had so few acquaintance.

Dawnay, loyal as ever, gently dissuaded me from asking to be put up at any, good club. "That may come later, Doodles; see service first, my boy," and I understood what lay behind his reticence.

Nor were the drawing rooms which I should have liked to have entered open to me. It came to this that the people who wanted to know me I did not want to know, and those with whom I aspired to associate did not desire my acquaintance.

The party rancours of the time were beyond everything. Take us by and large, we English are a good-humored people in the main. But, once in every few years of a long life I have watched an obsession of vile manners take possession of us. Sometimes polemical, as when Catholic chapels are sacked, Unitarians mobbed, or Primitive Methodists sent to jail as rogues and vagabonds; sometimes political, as when a so-called "Radical" is hunted across hedges and back walls by his Tory neighbors; it is always a disgraceful, and usually, thank God, a short-lived madness.

In the winter of 1807 the prevalent craze was rather worse than at other recurrences, and was tinctured with both politics and religion.

The King himself had set it going. His sudden dismissal of a popular ministry upon the score that they wished to treat all creeds alike, had started the cry of "No Popery," and attached to one great party in the State the odium of favoring the fires of Smithfield, wooden shoes, the Revolution, the Jesuits, the French, the Pope, and I know not how many more incompatible objects.

Start a wicked folly of this kind and, like the influenza which attacked us twenty years later, it must run its course, during which it will spoil the peace of multitudes of private households.

Whilst this madness raged old English families such as the Petres, the Camoys and others, who had adhered from one generation to another to the faith of their fathers, were placed in most unpleasant circumstances, and hardly dared drive abroad.

I remember as I walked the streets that fine afternoon feeling both astonishment and disgust at the license permitted to the vendors of lampoons. The windows of the stationers were odious with the output of ribald artists and scurrilous rhymesters whose venom was chiefly directed at Mrs. Fitzherbert. This poor woman, upon the score of her religion,—she was a Catholic,—was represented for the delectation of the groundlings, in every humiliating posture and compromising situation.

I knew, for the papers were full of it, that for a year past the lady had been defending in the courts her right to act as guardian to the charming Miss Mary Georgiana Seymour, to whom she was devotedly attached, and who as ardently reciprocated her affection.

That this blameless attachment was a purely private matter availed her as little as did her long years of faithful devotion to the heir to the Crown, or his unmanly requital of her love.

Turning into Tilney Street I stood aside to allow a carriage containing two ladies to pass, and found it pursued by a little crowd of bawling youths of the lower sort. Cabbage-stalks and loose garbage were flying amid hooting and yells of "No Popery!" but, so half-hearted was the mob, a matter of a score, that my voice and raised cane dispersed it and the rascals were

around the corner in the twinkling of an eye.

I turned about to make sure that the conveyance and its occupants had escaped, and found it at a stand within a few steps of me, at No. 6, in fact, and its ladies alighting. The younger, a lovely child, skipped across the sidewalk and vanished within-doors; the elder, a queenly woman of majestic mien, approached me with gracious thanks for my intervention, and, as I bowed and hoped that she had felt no alarm, asked the favor of my card.

I complied with a request which no gentleman can refuse, and stood uncovered awaiting dismissal. To my surprise, possibly somewhat to my embarrassment, she invited me within so cordially and simply that had I wished to find excuse I must have failed.

Bidding her footman take my hat and coat, she led me into a little sitting-room, or parlor, and rang for wine. Then, removing her veil and the large feathered bonnet worn at the time, revealed masses of golden hair just turning at the temples, the noble and sensitive features and still exquisite complexion of a woman of past fifty.

"Will it please you to be seated, Mr. Fanshawe?—You need feel no surprise at my recognizing you. It is not alone the name, but few gentlemen are of your height and figure, sir; indeed the signet you wear is distinctive."

Whilst speaking she graciously designated the large, square bezel of the Chorley sapphire, an heirloom in my mother's family, a jewel I wear in her memory. The day being warm I was carrying my gloves in my hand, and the ring was easily to be seen.

I bowed much puzzled, for I was conscious that somewhere and at some time I had met this lady and had heard this voice.

"Come, sir," she said kindly and encouragingly, pouring me a glass of sherry, "cannot you recall the fog of

last February year? and the chaise you drew from a ditch near Edgware? I must suppose that your days and nights, Mr. Fanshawe, are so constantly devoted to acts of charity that ye cannot keep count of them, or particularly remember the objects of your compassion."

At this moment a carriage drew up outside and two gentlemen were shown into the room, or rather bustled in unannounced with loud expressions of concern, damning the mob, the watch and things in general for the untowardness of what they had just heard had happened. Was Maria any the worse? or little Minny frightened? any glass broke? the man knocked about? the horse injured?

"'Twas certainly alarming," replied the lady, "but, thanks to this gentleman's interposition, no violence was offered, or at least done. A few things thrown, Duke, and some shouting. But, may I present to Your Royal Highnesses, Mr. Fanshawe, who has stood my friend for the second time at a moment's notice, at his own personal risk and inconvenience, and, as I find, without an inkling as to whom he was defending?"

We were all standing. The elder of the two men, whom I had frequently seen in the Park, and upon horseback, and now recognized as His Royal Highness the Duke of York, approached me with the greatest cordiality, offering his hand, as did the younger, whom I learned was the Duke of Kent. The latter, less readily, and in English which betrayed his German education, thanked me, too warmly in fact, for the instinctive gesture and shout which had been attended by such happy results.

I offered to take my dismissal but was bid sit. In a moment we were all seated. The Duke of Kent in chat with our hostess, his brother regarding me curiously and narrowly.

"Mr. Fanshawe," said he, "were ye not on Chobham Ridges last Friday?—Ha! I'd have sworn ye were! And did ye happen to catch a loose horse, sir?—and remount me, sir?—Ha! ye see I don't forget a face, even if I am a bit shook by a fall. And, what made ye ride off, sir, so soon as my friends came up? I didn't want them, sir, I wanted to be thankin' you, Mr. Fanshawe, and am devilish glad to have met ye. Ha!"

It was my day at last. Two absurdly small services, within the powers of a running huntsman and crossing-sweeper, had given me the *entrée*. Not only so, for the Commander-in-Chief was pondering my name, was producing his tablets, and with frown and pursed lip finding it thereon.

"What d'ye know of my brother's man Macmahon? Why should he be makin' interest for such a person as yourself, Mr. Fanshawe? Captain Dawnay, too, another of the Prince's friends, has spoke for ye. What is it ye want? What is your service record?—*The Fifth*?—That is bad. I fear—I am afraid . . . Ho! ye were out of that mess before it sailed for Ireland? Good, very good, and a deucedly lucky thing for you, sir. What else have ye done? Swedish service? *Jèna*?—Ha! take another glass, I must hear more of this."

I was made to talk for an hour. He listened attentively, nodding, and occasionally putting a pertinent question, for the Duke, if not brilliant, was a practical man and fond of his profession. When I had finished he spoke.

"Mr. Fanshawe, I am glad to have made your acquaintance upon your own merits. If I give ye a billet 'twill be for what I have seen and heard today. Your Carlton House recommendations would not have advanced ye with me, for to speak as I find, the persons I have had thrust upon me

from that source have done little credit to my patronage.

"Do ye by any chance speak Spanish?—or German?"

I stated my qualifications. The Duke shut his tablets with a snap and rose.

"Ye will do, sir. Here is my card. Show this at the Horse Guards tomorrow at two."

I bowed myself out. My hostess, who must have been listening, expressing her pleasure by a meaning glance as I bent to kiss her hand.

My young relative will be curious as to the outward seeming, dress, carriage and manners of the two Royal Dukes, whose acquaintance it was my fortune to make at brief notice.

Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, was at that time a stout, florid person of fifty, who bore himself very soldierly. He wore a long, double-breasted blue frock buttoned closely across the chest and moulding the hips; tight pantaloons and tasseled Hessians. When he removed his beaver one saw thin, brown curling hair receding from a high forehead. His eyes were blue and piercing, his brows arched and expressed excellent temper and cheerful views of life. The nose was well-shaped and slightly arched. Tufts of whisker under either ear framed jolly round cheeks, fresh-colored and smoothly shorn. His humorous, well-formed mouth, the mouth of a man who lived well and understood what a gentleman should eat and drink, was a pleasant feature. No one could have taken exception to the double chin, it comfortably supported the super-structure of his countenance.

His Royal Highness looked you squarely in the face without assumption, or desire to beat down your regard. "Here," thought I, "is a straightforward, goodhearted Englishman, with foibles and failings, no doubt, but steadfast and purposeful."

Whilst he had been summing me up, I, on my side, had been forming my opinion of him. I knew by hearsay something of his way of life, and took him for a man whose passions occasionally misled him, and had of late come near to marring a career of real usefulness, for, though not a military genius, His Royal Highness labored hard to improve the British Army, and sensibly added to the efficiency and comforts of the private soldier.

In a word I liked the man from that hour, and was glad to have had an opportunity to correct at close quarters the unfavorable conception formed from the talk of the Town and from the press.

Both he and his brother treated our hostess with a kindly and almost brotherly familiarity which puzzled me at the moment, for throughout this interview I knew not her name.

The younger man, Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, I was seeing for the first time. He was hatted and coated like his brother, but wore buckskins and brown tops. (Trousers were then, and for another twenty years, "a nasty French fashion," and laced boots under suspicion. Englishmen of condition until dressed for dinner were habited for the saddle, and apparently assumed that their being on foot was an accident.)

Whilst resembling York in figure and carriage, Kent was unlike him in features and complexion. Although but five-and-forty, he carried a polished dome of baldness, and such hair as he had was black. He wore more whisker than the Commander-in-Chief, and unlike him, whose flesh-tints were pleasant to the eye, Kent's shaven jowl was blue as any Spaniard's.

His mouth, less prominent than his father's, was still on the coarse side, though noticeably more presentable than his royal mother's, who, if one

may speak the truth of so exalted a personage, was an ugly woman.

His nose was straight, his eyes small and dark under brows of a lighter shade than his hair.

'Twas a heavy, clouded countenance, with little play of expression. He looked a tenacious fellow with a sense of stubborn power about him; a soldier of the regimental type rather than a general. I believe he would have stood a siege, or held a position while he had a cartridge to bite, or a leg to stand on.

That he gave promise of the physical and mental *élan* which had so impressed me in the Prince of Montecorvo I will not say. The man had lived in the shade. Sent to Germany to be educated he had lost touch with the life and manners of his native country and was never fluent in English. The duke had further the misfortune, or happiness, to possess a will, and to form opinions of his own, faults unpardonable in the eyes of his royal father, who never forgave him for his liberal sentiments.

How little did I suspect whilst covertly scrutinizing his somewhat uninteresting lineaments, that a few years later I should be thrown into intimate companionship with this good-hearted and ill-used Personage.

Subsequent reflection suggested that both men showed by their manners to the lady a genius for domesticity, which, had it not been diverted to unworthy objects by the operation of the Royal Marriage Act, and the stupid tyranny of their mother, might have brought them real happiness and saved the Royal Family of England some discredit.

When the door had closed behind me I asked of the Duke's coachman whose house it was that I had left, and was told it was Mrs. Fitzherbert's. Of course it was!—the face . . . what a dullard was I!

I walked back to *Fennell's* a thoughtful man. These grandees, names to me since my Eton days, had grown instantly vital, human and real so soon as I had been in their presences ten minutes. I was able

to understand and feel for them.

What would be the upshot of this for me? What might the morrow bring? I had made a favorable impression, and should be offered an appointment, but of what nature?

(*To be continued.*)

A GLANCE AT THE LITERATURE OF CANADA.

The striving of Canada for a place among the nations, as with all new countries, has necessarily absorbed the energies of a large number, or rather of the vast majority, in the direction of business and economic advancement, and no leisured or literary class has yet developed in sufficient strength to exercise with free scope the profession of literature, and to assert its importance and independence, albeit Canada has for a long time possessed a body of capable journalists.

Although Canadian authors have not yet attained very great literary fame, they have produced work which certainly entitles many of them to inclusion in the ranks of English poets and novelists—in fact, from Haliburton's time to the present day writers of talent have never been wanting. The successful institution of responsible government, with its natural result, the consciousness of power, marks a decided step in advance. The Royal Society of Canada, which may be considered a useful focus of literature and science, has exerted a sound influence during its thirty years' existence.

Haliburton was the first author to use the American dialect, and, according to Artemus Ward, was the founder of the American school of humor. "Sam Slick" was, indeed, translated into several foreign languages. The literary group known in Canada as "the group of '61" comprises writers born in 1860, 1861, and 1862. For the

most part these authors spent their earliest days in the open air, amid the forest primeval, and they may be roughly classified in two divisions: those of Acadie, comprising Charles G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman, and those of Ontario, consisting of Archibald Lampman, William Wilfred Campbell, and Duncan Campbell Scott.

Lampman is the poet of the seasons; he loved to muse far from the madding crowd, and he speaks truthfully when he calls himself in one of his poems "brother to these my noble elms and maples." Wilfred Campbell was reared beside, and reveled in, the beauty of the Great Lakes.

Scott derived much inspiration from the Red Indians and their legends, whilst occupied in the Department of Indian Affairs. Charles George Douglas Roberts, son of the late Rev. G. Goodridge Roberts, LL.D., Rector of Fredericton, may be called Canada's national poet. He is descended on his mother's side from a certain Judge Bliss, cousin of Emerson, from whom also is descended Bliss Carman, probably the most widely known of this section of Canadian *littérateurs*. Roberts and Carman have done much to foster and encourage a literary development, one indigenous to the land of their birth. Their poetry is essentially poetry of the open air, whilst the prose animal stories of Roberts could only have been written by one well versed in woodcraft and forest lore. However great the achievements of Canadian writers

may be in the future, it is to be hoped that they will never lose sight of the open-air charm of these English Canadians. Canoeing, one of the most popular sports in Canada, and its delights have been celebrated in many fine verses, none more characteristic than Carman's poem entitled "The Wraith of the Red Swan," the Red Swan being the favorite birch-bark canoe of the poet.

There is a vigor and breadth in Carman's work, coupled with reflective and philosophic tendencies, which render his essays on Art and Life refreshing and stimulating. "The Making of Personality" is, perhaps, his most impressive piece of prose, and the chapter entitled "The Music of Life" is the finest in the book. Here is a short example of the good things to be found therein:—

If there are many in whom the music of life is hushed or jangled, there are more in whom it is resonant and alluring still. For among the multitudes of the silenced tuneless personalities, pace for pace with the discordant and disheartened, moves the splendid company of confident men and spirited women; those who walk with springing step and uplifted chest, with dancing eyes and traces of rapture in their bearing. They may not always be radiant with rejoicing, they may even be sorely touched by natural sorrow; but in any case they carry themselves with a freedom and intensity, with an alertness and vibrancy that bespeaks the undefeated soul and the mind still free from the blight of dissonance and disillusion.

Some of his Sappho songs—and this may interest singers—have been admirably set by Albert Mallison, an English composer whose name should be better known than it is at the present time.

The group of '61 includes, besides those writers already mentioned, the Rev. Frederick George Scott, Mar-

garet Marshall Saunders, and others, all of whom have contributed liberally to the literary edifice erected by their predecessors.

Nova Scotia, the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline," is the territory in which C. G. D. Roberts resided for some years as Professor at King's College, Nova Scotia. It is the country that he has charmingly depicted in several of his novels, notably in "The Forge in the Forest, a Tale of Acadie the Fair," now republished in a cheap edition, and in "A Sister to Evangeline." The delicious flavor of the old-world courtliness of the seigneurs, the French aristocrats of Canada, is finely represented in these novels, and also in "A Prisoner of Mademoiselle," by the same author. Theodore Roberts, a younger brother of C. G. D. Roberts, has but recently come into prominence on this side of the Atlantic. With "Love on Smoky River" he made a real hit. For a word-picture of modern Canadian life it is as good as any that has been written, fact and fiction blending admirably. The modernity of the Canadian Pacific Railway, bringing civilization in its wake, and the power of that other institution, the Hudson's Bay Company, are most effectively brought home to the reader. In addition to describing such currents of progress, Theodore Roberts conveys to his readers an excellent picture of the primitive settlements amongst the Canadian backwoods, and of the mixture of white folk and half-breed Indians there to be found. In "Blessington's Folly" the scene is laid in the far North. Whatever be the faults of plot-construction that may be laid to his charge he possesses indisputably a racy style of writing, and a speed and vigor all his own. He, like his brother Charles, is an officer, and is now a frequent contributor to *The Windsor Magazine*, thus making the work of Canadians a very vital thing in our midst.

The work of Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake) is good and out of the common, and can hold its own with that of any other Canadian writer. She was the poet of the Red Man's Canada, and herself of Indian parentage on the paternal side, her father being G. H. M. Johnson, Head Chief of the "Six Nations Indians." Her mother, however, was of purely English descent. Tekahionwake captivated London some twenty-two years ago when she visited it for the purpose of giving recitals of her own poems and publishing them. In both enterprises she succeeded, and brought home to her listeners and readers the depth and sentiment of the Indians. "A Cry from an Indian Wife" and "The Song My Paddle Sings" are two of her most typical poems. Here are a few lines of the latter, which was written for the first public recital of her works:—

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from
the west.

The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!

I have woo'd you so,
But never a favor you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

It is but recently that this daughter of the Mohawks passed away, and the loss inflicted by her death upon Canada's literature is very great.

Two of the most popular authors of today owe much to the Overseas Dominions: Sir Gilbert Parker, born and educated in Canada, and Ernest Thompson Seton, educated in Canada, though a native of England. For about five years of his childhood Seton lived in the backwoods, and there acquired the knowledge and love of animals which have assisted him so greatly in his lectures and in his writings. All his books are interesting, none more so than "The Arctic Prai-

ries," an account of his travels in the Far Northwest, away from the beaten track—so far away that primitive nature and savage people are once again discoverable, free and unspoiled by the advent of the white man. Seton has a delicious sense of humor, which peeps out in this volume and renders it particularly attractive. The following description of his achievements as doctor is delightfully quaint, with its substratum of worldly wisdom:—

Being the organizer, equipper, geographer, artist, head and tail of the expedition, I was perforce also its doctor. Equipped with a "pill-kit," an abundance of blisters and bandages, and some "potent purgatives," I had prepared myself to render first and last aid to the hurt in my own party. In taking instructions from our family physician I had learned the value of a profound air of great gravity, a noble reticence, and a total absence of doubt when I did speak. I compressed his creed into a single phrase. "In case of doubt look wise and work on his bowels." This simple equipment soon gave me a surprisingly high standing among the men. I was a medicine man of repute, and soon had a larger practice than I desired, as it was entirely gratuitous. . . . An Indian had "the bones of his foot broken," crushed by a heavy weight, and was badly crippled. He came leaning on a friend's shoulder. His foot was blackened and much swollen, but I soon satisfied myself that no bones were broken, because he could wriggle all the toes and move the foot in any direction. "You'll be better in three days, and all right in a week," I said with calm assurance. Then I began with massage. It seemed necessary in the Indian environment to hum some tune, and I found that the "Koochy, Koochy," lent itself best to the motion, so it became my medicine song. With many "Koochy-Koochy"-ings and much ice-cold water he was nearly cured in three days, and sound again in a week. But in the north folk have a habit of

improving the incident. Very soon it was known all along the river that the Indian's *leg was broken*, and I had set and healed it in three days. In a year or two I doubt not it will be his neck that was broken, not once, but in several places.

The real Canadian Kipling is, however, Robert Service; in far-away Yukon he has learned the meaning of Life with a capital L. No easy pleasure-loving existence that of the gold-seeker. Service has celebrated its grit and virility in many a fine set of verses. He is arresting, stupendous. His novel "The Trail of '98" is a magnificent realistic romance, full of interest, human and local. His poem of the same name also strikes the true note at once. Here is the opening, which depicts the hurry-scurry and excitement of the gold-seekers:—

Gold! we leaped from our benches, Gold!
we sprang from our stools,
Gold! we wheeled in the furrow, fired
with the faith of fools.
Fearless, unfound, unfitted, far from
the night and the cold,
Heard we the clarion-summons, followed
the master-lure, Gold!

The movement of Service's writings is admirably suited to kinema reproduction, and at the present time there is a film play, "My Madonna," taken from one of his poems, being starred on tour.

Amongst the French Canadian writers of late years Louis Frechette is the poet *par excellence* who has gained renown outside his own country; he died in 1908, having gained nearly thirty years earlier the Prix Montyon from the French Academy (in 1879) with "Les Fleurs Boréales." His introduction in French to Drummond's "Habitant" is full of appreciation and generous praise of Drummond's work, that work wherein the author has reproduced with utmost skill the broken-

English expressions of the French Canadians.

Amongst the popular lady novelists of the present time there figures the name of Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes), whose stories are to be met with on many a bookstall. In 1914 there appeared from the publishing firm of Elkin Mathews a slim little volume entitled "England Over Seas." It proceeded from the pen of one of the younger generation of writers, Lloyd Roberts. Like his predecessors this author possesses a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature. One of the most charming and typically Canadian poems of this dainty selection is entitled "The Flutes of the Frogs." In the settlement life in Canada the croaking of the frogs is very noticeable. They make music that is unique and weird. Archibald Lampman, before mentioned, was perhaps the most musical of all his contemporaries; he celebrated the curious phenomenon in a fine poem entitled "The Frogs." A few extracts from "The Flutes of the Frogs" by Lloyd Roberts may be given:—

'Tis not the notes of the homing birds
through the first warm April rain,
Or the scarlet buds and the rising green
come back to the land again,
That stir my heart from its winter
sleep to pulse to the old refrain,

But when from the miles of bubbling
marsh and the valley's steaming
floor,
Shrilling keen with a million flutes the
ancient springtime lore,
I hear the myriad emerald frogs awake
in the world once more.

And all night long to the march of stars
the wild mad music thrills,
Voicing the birth of the glad wet-spring
in a thousand stops and trills,
Till the pale sun lifts through the rosy
mists and floats from the harbor
hills.

Isabella Valancey Crawford was a tragic example of unrecognized genius. Her book of verse, published in 1884, was almost entirely overlooked, and this resulted ultimately in her premature demise. Now her poetry is regarded, and with truth, as worthy to rank with the best in Canadian poetry.

A large part of Canada's belles-lettres is made up of short lyrical pieces. Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion," "The Habitant," with an introduction by Louis Fréchette, and also T. H. Rand's "A Treasury of Canadian Verse," are characteristic examples.

The two important Histories of Canada, by C. G. D. Roberts and François Xavier Garneau (a fifth edition of the latter was published in 1913), are not sufficiently known to students.

It has been pointed out by Roberts that Canada's contribution to literature is greater than that of any other colony. As far back as the days of Champlain, 1567-1635, the materials of literature were being accumulated, although the art had not taken any definite form.

The names of Romanes and Grant Allen, of course, occur to us, but these authors have both passed away in comparatively recent years, and their work and careers are too well recognized to require notice in this article. They were born at the same place and in the same year, viz., Kingston, Ontario, in 1848.

Very little dramatic work has been attempted, and the drama of Charles Heavyside, "Saul," has sunk into partial oblivion, although it received in its day liberal and even extravagant eulogy.

A most fascinating collection of notes, historical, literary, and ornithological, is the series of volumes entitled "Maple Leaves," by J. M. Lemoine, who kept open house at Spencer Grange, and entertained Dean Stanley, Charles

Kingsley, George Augustus Sala, and many another who has left his mark on literature and journalism. "Songs of Old Canada" is the title of a set of translations, written in response to an inquiry for English versions of old Canadian songs about 1885. These were intended to be sung to the airs of old France: music apart, however, they merit consideration for their own intrinsic value. The translator, William McLennan, has succeeded in obtaining renderings which retain the charm and spirit of the originals to a great extent. Love and war are the predominant themes of these lays; nevertheless one beautiful little Christmas hymn is included which, by reason of its simplicity and tenderness, is particularly restful. The original of the *noël*, as the compiler remarks, has been well illustrated by Michelet in the following passage:—

In those days, a marvelous dramatic talent, frequently stamped with a childish simplicity, but full of boldness and kindness, existed in the Church. . . . At times she made herself little: she, the great, the learned, the eternal, babbled with her children, and translated the ineffable for them into a language they could understand.

The English of this *noël* in McLennan's volume is entitled 'D'où viens-tu, Bergère?'

It is no wonder that the magnificent scenery of Canada has inspired much "nature poetry," and Charles Sangster, who may be fairly named as the leader of the school, may very well enjoy his sobriquet of the Wordsworth of Canada. Sangster died in 1893. "A Song for the Flail," from "The Happy Harvesters," is among his best. He also wrote a number of sonnets, and this may serve as an example:—

Through every sense a sweet balm
permeates,
As music strikes new tones from every
nerve;

The soul of feeling enters at the gates
Of Intellect, and Fancy comes to serve
With fitting homage the propitious
guest,
Nature, erewhile so lonely and oppressed,
Stands like a stately Presence, and
looks down
As from a throne of power. I have
grown
Full twenty summers backwards, and
my youth
Is surging in upon me till my hopes
Are as fresh-tinted as the checkered
leaves
That the sun shines through. All the
future opes
In endless corridors, where time un-
weaves
The threads of error from the golden
warp of Truth.

The note of patriotism has been struck by nearly every Canadian poet. The Imperial spirit of the new nationality is well represented in many a stirring poem. The output of Frederick George Scott is of special interest at the present time. He is now Senior Chaplain in the 1st Canadian Division of the British Expeditionary Force. The Athenaeum.

His poem shares with the lines of Chas. G. D. Roberts and of Wilfred Campbell the honor of representing Canada's appreciation of the greatest of dramatists in the "Book of Homage to Shakespeare" (recently published). Scott's poetry, from the testimony of men back from the front, is much appreciated by Tommy in the trenches. Its stirring and thrilling quality is well depicted in such a piece as "The Colors of the Flag," the finale of which is cited below:—

We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,
Whatever be said or done,
Though the shots come fast as we face
the blast,
And the foe be ten to one;
Though our only reward be the thrust
of a sword
And a bullet in heart or brain,
What matter one gone if the flag float
on,
And Britain be Lord of the Main?

His collected poems, published by Messrs. Constable in 1910, include a fine mystery play, "The Key of Life."

Ethel Rayson.

F. A. Hadland.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE.

Born near Letterkenny, Co. Donegal, Nov. 14th, 1832.

Died at "The Four Winds," Ewhurst, Surrey, March 18th, 1916.

"The day of my death will be the great romance of my life"; it is with such a characteristic saying as this running through our minds that we sit down to write some reminiscences of Stopford Brooke's literary work. There is a picture of him, a chance "snapshot," probably taken when he was unaware, standing alone in the open at "The Four Winds" the Surrey home that he loved and in which he died. The noble head is thrown back, the eyes raised skywards, the whole attitude one of listening expectancy; it

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may have been that the lark was singing above. But the attitude was familiar in him; it was in the same posture of eager expectation that he had met life and went forth to welcome death, and death came to him as he would have wished, swiftly, unforeseen, without the ado of sickness to make it a humiliating thing, or long farewells to make it harrowing. To those who knew Stopford Brooke, his personality will always appear more than his books, valuable as we believe some of these to be. He loved humanity and sym-

pathetically understood many sides of it; but he himself seemed always to stand a little aloof from it; his presence had something about it of the mountain top, uplifted, breezy, unapproachable, in a sort of Olympian calm that the worries and troubles of life should not disturb. But the multitudes of men and women who turned to him for counsel or consolation knew that the real man was not like this; that no one would so readily and so gravely answer to a call for sympathy, no one give such shrewd and wise advice. Another man might have been either wearied or spoiled by these calls upon him, but to Stopford Brooke they were part of the multitudinous aspects and interests of that thing which to him was always wonderful, life. He listened and answered, and then passed on; his splendid mental healthfulness and his Irish sense of humor kept him free from the attitude of weak sympathy that often overtakes men sought in this way, a certain touch of autocratic hauteur that was half-assumed and half-playful would not allow too close a pressure on his personality. But the friends who gathered round him and remained faithful to him at a crisis of his life revered him not only as a teacher always fresh, individual, and inspiring, but as a constant and wise companion, certain to be accessible to help them in their need. His optimism, which in his writings sometimes influenced his critical judgments, was, in personal contact with him, infectious; it passed through his hearers like a tonic. It made the difficult seem possible, and the laborious, delightful. And, indeed, to him things seemed impossible only because men would go about them in the wrong way. "Make people happy, don't trouble so much about making them good," he would say, and he acted up to this axiom, for happiness seemed to be in the atmosphere where he came and involuntarily men and women were at

their best. He was that rare thing, even among the intellectual, a stimulating conversationalist; one had not been long in his company before being launched on some literary or artistic theme, entered upon with verve and imagination, and made splendid by the touch of romance which he always imparted to any matter in which he was interested. There was nothing academic in his view; it was alive with his warm appreciation and pleasure in it.

To many people who knew him Stopford Brooke was first of all a preacher, but this side of his career only concerns us incidentally, as it was reflected in his literary work. He preached and ministered in many places; in Marylebone and Kensington, at St. James' Chapel, York Street, now done away with, and for two years in Berlin, where he was chaplain to the Princess Royal. He seldom spoke of this last experience, and it does not seem to have been altogether a congenial one; he went, he would say, chiefly in order to find the leisure he could not get at home to write his *Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson* (1865), one of the best biographies ever published, although he had been only very slightly acquainted personally with the subject of it. But it is with the proprietary chapel belonging to the Duke of Bedford, in Bloomsbury, that his name and memory will always be connected, and it was there that the chief public event of his career took place. The final causes of his secession from the Church of England, in 1880, will be found succinctly and somewhat drily summed up in two short statements made by him at the date of his retirement from the church, where they can be read. They give the specific doctrinal points on which his decision was come to; but they do not help us to realize the drift of his thought which led to

this act of its climax; this can only be found in his personality and in his general outlook on life. In him it was no abrupt change; it was one to which in some form or other he was bound to come in natural course. His healthy view of life was not in accord with the mediæval conception of man's position and destiny taught in the formularies of the Church of England and still professed by it in its corporate capacity, however much individuals may privately modify that conception; his Irish nature felt the constant drag of a fixed system of belief and thought and longed for liberation; when the step was taken he again and again rejoices in his freedom. His straightforward outlook did not find satisfaction in the position of liberal theology which so many have adopted as a means of escape from old conceptions; the effort to retain the original forms while reading into them new meanings he thought dishonest; as a system of Church belief he would probably have felt that the position leaked at every point. But his vital personality poured life into such affirmations as he made; they were no outcome of theory, but of a belief passionately held. He could not conceive of life without religion, or of a religion that did not harmonize with daily experience, and the spirit of the song that Pippa flung into the troubled world as she passed by—

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"—

was to him no poetic romance, but the sturdy conviction of his soul. Many of his studies of the poets were the result of evening discourses delivered to his congregation at St. James' and Bedford Chapels on Sunday evenings. It is

necessary to state this, because the tone of these volumes is affected by it. The Browning and Tennyson lectures, in particular, suffer from the too great stress laid upon the moral aspect of the poems, to the weakening of the critical judgment of them as pure works of art. We do not read Tennyson for his religious views, which were fluctuating, nor for his philosophy, which was frequently a reflection of the ideas current at the moment; we read him for those lovely images he conjures up like the sudden glimpse of a sunshine-flooded landscape seen through a dark window-frame; and for those exquisite passages of musical wording which haunt our memories like the sound of a silver bell. In youth these puzzles of thought trouble us, and Tennyson is the poet of youth; but he is, to our mind, too pellucid clear to bear the weight of lengthened dissertation. Browning bears this careful examination better, for Browning needs elucidation, and in spite of protests from his too warm admirers, we feel that Mr. Brooke is right and that Browning is obscure. We can imagine that many readers, perplexed by the long parentheses and confused grouping of incidents which render unintelligible the main course of the poem in *Sordello*, would be very grateful for his masterly unraveling of the central theme from its secondary incidents. In his general estimation of the two poets, he would appear (but perhaps we have misread him) to give Tennyson the higher place as artist, but we think the verdict of posterity will be otherwise. Tennyson was too much bounded by his own personality to enter into the minds of others with the profound intuition possessed by Browning. It was not only that Tennyson had not the dramatic power of reproducing, as his brother poet did, a great gallery of human portraits, of every variety of clime and nationality and temperament,

set in their natural surroundings and representing every gradation of human joy and pain, as our author points out; but he had not also Browning's extraordinary subtlety of conception, enabling him to seize the most evanescent and elusive moments of feeling and to reproduce them in all their delicate evasiveness; nor had he Browning's passionate strength of feeling. The author of *The Ring and the Book* was on all sides, intellectually, spiritually, emotionally, the more spacious personality, and this largeness of sweep leaves its mark on all, even his roughest and most obscure work. Nor could Browning, with his greater artistic sense of fitness, have made the mistake of treating a Celtic theme under a classical form and with all the Celtic flavor left out as Tennyson did in the *Idylls of the King*. His finer realization for such things would have forbidden this.

But there are many excellent points of criticism in these lectures on Tennyson and the explanation that Mr. Brooke gives of the almost universal sense of what he calls "irritation" at the perfections of King Arthur's character, and the curious coldness that it leaves on us, is, we have no doubt, the right one. He finds the cause of this in the double aspect in which Tennyson conceives of Arthur. He is half a man and half an allegory, and it is the mixture of the two ideas that dehumanizes him. "When he represents Arthur as a man, even when he makes him ideal in conduct and aim, the character is just and clear and human. But he is forced by his allegory to paint him also as the rational soul, as an abstract idea, and whenever he does this Arthur steps outside of humanity, and that is naturally resented." This explanation elucidates a feature in the story that has puzzled hundreds of readers, though they could find no satisfactory reason for their own dissatisfaction with Arthur's want of impressiveness.

Yet, on the whole, we prefer (but this is only a personal predilection) some of Mr. Brooke's briefer studies of separate poets to either of those books. His lectures on Shelley and Blake, for instance, are pieces of just and most sensitive criticism. He appreciated Blake, both on his poetic and on his artistic side, and was possessed of some of his paintings, which, like his admirable collection of first plates of Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, gave him great delight. The latter fine collection he presented during his lifetime to the National Gallery in Dublin. We are tempted to give a line or two out of this essay on Blake. After pointing out that Blake goes back to the Elizabethans for his models, "the shepherd pipe to which the greater Elizabethans sang their songs," because he found in them a nearer approach to naturalism, he goes on, speaking of the *Songs of Innocence*:

There are songs of many passions, of sorrow, of earthly rapture, of mirth, of the fine spirit of youth and age, of patriot fervor, of the beauty of the world in our soul—of a hundred things—but the song of the child's heart has never been written by a child. It is only sung within. To write it needed a man with the heart of a child; and to find him is one of the rarest things in the world. . . . The best explanation of Blake's songs is that he was always a child at heart; and it would not have mattered where he lived, he would always have been at home. The child, if he be loved, knows neither time nor space. Were he placed suddenly in the Egypt of the Pharaohs, or on the steps of the Parthenon when Phidias was working, he would play, were those he loved with him, with as much unconsciousness and joy as in his own garden in Surrey. All his life long Blake was like that.*

Nothing could be better said; and as we read it we recall the full, melo-

*Published in *Studies in Poetry* (1907).

dious voice, the fling back of the head, and the note of challenge, as though he would make sure that he carried his audience with him, with which the phrase would end.

His two sets of lectures on selected plays of Shakespeare (1905 and 1913) are no less admirable. They pay little attention to questions of origin or difficulties in the text, but simply as the studies of character which Mr. Brooke set out to make, they give scope for the play of his keen intuitive perception of the varieties of personality, and are full of suggestion and interest. His studies of the characters of Richard II and Macbeth, and of the great tragedies of *Lear* and *Othello*, seem to us particularly good; and the lovely dramas of *Winter's Tale* and *As You Like It* lose none of their delicacy under his handling. We do not always agree with him; for instance, we should read the character of Lady Macbeth differently; but then, though Shakespeare has drawn the lines of her personality with scrupulous care, no two readers agree as to what the sum total of her qualities amounts to. She remains, and always will remain, something of a mystery. But those whose pleasure in *Lear* has been damaged by Irving's grotesque representation of the poor mad king as a senile, abject, and half-palsied old man, will find consolation in Mr. Brooke's fine and sympathetic analysis of the most touching and most afflicted of all Shakespeare's figures, who in his deepest misery never allows us to forget an underlying greatness in his soul.

But it is not by his lectures that Stopford Brooke will, in our opinion, be best and most worthily remembered, but by his *Primer of English Literature* (1876) and by his study of *Early English Literature* to King Ælfred (1892).

Of the first, Professor Gollancz, in his preface to the *Book of Homage to*

Shakespeare, says that for it, with its inspiring force, the teaching of English literature owes more to its author than to any other man of our time.

It is just what a primer ought to be, brief, accurate, but always touching its subject on the human side; above all, giving brilliant glimpses into the long line of literary thought and achievement which incite the reader to learn further for himself. How many young minds have been stimulated by this little book to pursue the study of literature it would be difficult to say; its continuous use shows the value in which it is held.

Stopford Brooke did not see literature isolated from the conditions amid which it grew up. The literary and political and social development of the country were to him, as to J. R. Green, part of one connected and interwoven story. The causes which produced our literature, and the surroundings in which it was nourished, were to him as important to grasp as the poetry and prose itself. It is this grasp and realization of the intellectual life of England as a connected whole, that give its special character to Mr. Brooke's two contributions to the history of English literature. Especially is this the case with his study of Anglo-Saxon prose and poetry, a study which vibrates with the joy of its author in his subject. In his view the poems of Caedmon and Cynewulf and their nameless fellows are no shoots pushing up out of a dark and unknown soil, no sudden intellectual flashes divorced from the phenomena of their time; they are part of the general expansion of the country's life. We cannot fully appreciate either unless the literature is shown to be a branch of the national growth, and the life of the people is used to illustrate the poetry. The wanderings of the folk from their continental homes, the changed surroundings in which they found themselves in England, their

struggles and longings and the inner movements of their souls, their schools and monasteries, their pagan beliefs and the changes wrought by Christianity, all these must be studied if we are intelligently to realize the meaning of these driftings of old intellectual thought struggling for expression for the first time in the English tongue. As he says in his preface: "Like the ancient places of this country where our forefathers met together for religion or war or council, the neglected lands of early English poetry seem to appeal to England to take care of them, to give them interest and affection. Far too few of them remain, far too many of them have perished. The silent stream of time, with mordant and quiet wave, washed into forgetfulness those pleasant fields.

Rura quae Liris quæta
Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.

This book is no mere text-book, debating points of authorship and critical renderings, though the author has formed his own opinion on these topics, and he discusses questions of date and authorship sufficiently for his purpose. His renderings are made with that intuitive sympathy which seldom failed to wring out of a doubtful passage the meaning of the writer. He gives, besides these things, a lively and illuminating picture of the thought of early England. It is curious to reflect that this book, brilliant with the scholar's imagination, should, like some of his most vigorous landscapes, have been wrought in the little gloomy vestry of Bedford Chapel, where he took refuge from the interruptions that came in upon him elsewhere.

Who that has ever read his description of Whitby, the birthplace of English religious literature, the home of Caedmon, the height where Aiden and Oswald walked and the Abbess Hild ruled, can fail to recall it as they stand

on the sward looking down on the red-roofed Yorkshire harbor? It comes as naturally to the mind as some of the great prose passages of Baeda.

Here are a few lines of it:—

The place where this piety of our forefathers, like that of Greece, derived from God Himself the art of song, was worthy of the cradle of English poetry. That poetry has again and again rejoiced in the sea, and the sea almost surrounds the height of Whitby. . . . As we rest among the heaps of fallen walls and tower (of the Abbey Church), we hear the sea roaring below the cliff, and the sound fills the aisle like the chanting of a solemn mass. We think then that this deep organ note struck on the ears of Hild twelve hundred years ago, and that the first chant of English poetry was made to its grave and mighty music; and so deep is the impression of antiquity when we are thus forced to look back over the continuous stream of English poetry that we seem, when we leave the eastern end of the abbey, to be walking with Caedmon himself, among his own cattle, over the long rank grass, to the out-jutting point of the headland which looks due north over the sea. A few minutes brings us to the edge. Three hundred feet below the dash of breakers is heard as they strike into the black caverns at the base of the cliff. The tumultuous northern sea lies outspread before us. Over these stormy waters came our Angle forefathers, bringing with them the poem of *Beowulf*. Over them Caedmon looked at evening as he framed the verse in which he sang the flood of Noah. Over them came the fierce ships of the Northmen, first to plunder, then to settle; and on them, so constant is the lowlier life of men, the fishing-boats have won their spoil and drifted into Whitby with the tide for more than a thousand years. A poetry that has always loved religion, and religion in its sterner and more solemn forms, which has been passionate with adventure, which has breathed with ease the airs of war, which has occupied with joy the ocean, and which

has never, from the lowly peasant who began it to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, neglected to sing of the simple life of the hamlet, could scarcely have had a fitter birthplace.

As an Irishman born in wild Donegal, Stopford Brooke always loved to trace the bearing of Celtic thought and character on English poetry. He finds in it one of the most powerful moulding influences which caused the rise of English poetry in Northumbria, rather than in the South of England. Some of his most interesting chapters are those devoted to this subject. Latin Christianity and Latin learning had no hold over the early religion or the early literature of the North. The effort of Paulinus met with no success, and the jealousy of the Northumbrian kings supported the independent spirit of the Northumbrian monks and teachers, who derived directly from Iona with the whole weight of the tradition of Irish independence behind them.

Irish influence penetrated into England in two directions: on the Southwest, along the Bristol Channel, by way of Malmesbury and Glastonbury—both Irish foundations; and on the North, in the network of monasteries under the Celtic rule which spread from Iona over the borderland into Northumbria. In both the Irish tradition was most persistent; the great seal of the Abbey of Glastonbury bore on its face the figures of St. Patrick and St. Brigit, on either side of the central figure of St. Dunstan, and the multitude of pilgrims who resorted thither to worship at St. Patrick's shrine gave the name of *Parva Hibernia*, or "Little Ireland," to a district in the town. The statue of St. Brigit still looks down from the summit of the Tor, side by side with that of St. Michael, guardians, the one of the level pasture lands and the other of the stormy heights; an ancient altar of St. Patrick still holds the

sacramental bread for the humble occupants of the village almshouse. The old statement, incidentally introduced into Cormac's glossary in the course of an explanation of a word, that "in those days the Gael of the east of the sea were as numerous as the Gael of the west of the sea," seems to have been something more than a piece of Irish exaggeration; it had, at least, a foundation of fact. That this Irish intermixture and tradition had some effect over the learning of these two master monasteries is scarcely to be doubted; the founders and their followers brought with them their native impulse as well as their native system; and it is not unlikely that Ealdhelm's love for the people's poetry and Dunstan's love for music and the organ would have been quickened and directed through the greater Irish intelligence in such matters, just as the undeveloped poetic bent of Caedmon was first brought to light by the playing of the harp in Irish fashion at the evening meal.

What is strange, and what Mr. Brooke does not, we think, sufficiently point out, is the fact that while this impulse towards poetic creation must be acknowledged, the direction of the literature it produced was quite different. Each nation brought forth on its own distinct lines poetry inspired by a somewhat similar set of circumstances. Even the form of the verse is different; the Irish art instinct tended to the production of lyric and personal poetry, expressed, from very early times, in a great variety of metres. But there are no pure lyrics in Anglo-Saxon verse, the epic or elegiac form is the favorite, the almost universal, verse form in early English. The tone is usually mournful and grave, religion is the most frequent theme, and the expression of strong personal joy or affliction is rare. In Ireland the contrary is the case; from the time that Irish

poets began to sing independently of the use of the verse-form as a convenient *memoria technica* for the preservation and transmission of lists of kings and other dry bones of history, their verse assumes a note of intense personal feeling. They use the lyric in its true function to give vent to strongly-felt personal joy or sorrow. This lyrical note is absent from English poetry till literature was well on its way in the thirteenth-fourteenth centuries. It is true that we feel the individual note in such elegiac poems as the *Husband's Message* and the *Wife's Complaint*, but this is rare, and comes almost as a surprise. Even in those poems where similar circumstances might, we should have thought, have produced similar sentiments, there is an entire dissimilarity between the whole outlook and conception, as well as in the method of expression; nothing could more forcibly impress upon us the unlikeness between the two races than a study of their early poetry. To take but one example alluded to in Mr. Brooke's quotation. Both peoples lived surrounded by the sea, in large parts of their island homes within sight or sound of it. If on the western shores of England and the corresponding eastern shores of Ireland, the sea, on the whole, presented an unimpassioned aspect, the rocky shores of Northumbria saw it in variations of mist and storm and terror, while on its western coast the Irish seaboard felt the whole wash of the great Atlantic billows, towering up, in times of storm, in mountainous floods against her massive battlement of cliff. Both countries experienced the sea under varied phases, both were accustomed to entrust themselves freely to its waters, both made lengthy voyages without much thought of the perils they involved. It would seem that the poetic vision of the sea would be much alike. But, in truth, nothing could be more unlike, so far as the

scanty remains of both literatures enable us to judge.

"No natural object," as Stopford Brooke points out, "engaged the English so much as the sea, and for no object have they so many names." At times it becomes impersonated as an awful awe-producing monster. "The Water-terror rose from the deep" is a frequent phrase; or, "The sea gripped fiercely on the fated folk," as though it arose as a giant from the depth. "The strong and stormy sea is heard breaking in the background all through the action of the poem of *Beowulf*; and those who first sang its verse were masters of the Ocean and its lovers. The sea was their patrimony, as it was the whale's. The young men went out on adventure from every settlement on the coast to fight and to plunder . . . they were true sea-dogs, the forerunners of the men who sailed in wasp-like ships from the southern harbors of England to the Spanish main." "This fearlessness, this friendship with the waves, this love of their vessel as of a mistress, passed away with their settlement in England." To these more home-dwelling folk the swirling, tempestuous ocean became a source of terror and disquiet. The old man in the *Seafarer* tells of the sorrows of his voyages, the anxious nights when his feet were pinched with frost, and his beard was hung with icicles, and hunger and weariness lay heavy on his heart. The man who tries a sea-journey has a hard life in the *Andreas*, and in the *Gnomic Verses*, "the sailor who rows against the wind is weary." The "stallion of the flood" is for the rough-rider, hard to guide, prone to fling his master.

It is only when the inexperienced youth cries out that in spite of all this "he would adventure the high streamings of the sea and the sport of the salt waves" that a momentary remembrance of his own early longings comes across

the aged mariner to whom he utters his desire, and he replies in the fine words: "There is no man so high-hearted over earth, nor so good in gifts, nor so keen in youth, nor so brave in deeds, nor so loyal to his lord, that he may not have always sad yearning towards the sea-faring, for what the Lord will give him there . . . and he hath ever longing who wisheth for the Sea." Now of this terror or passion for the sea and close description of all its varying phases there is little or nothing in Irish poetry. The only poem that speaks of the wild fierceness of the tempest and the swelling rush of the ocean is the fine "Song of the Sea" which tradition says was written by an Irish poet in answer to a challenge by the Danes that he should make a song on the sea. He made a very fine one, with all the stormy Viking spirit in it, but the story seems to prove that such a view of the sea was an uncommon one in Ireland, and needed the foreigner's request to bring it out. The sea to the Irish poet is always a glorious and delightful thing. St. Columba in Iona sings:—

Delightful would it be to me
On a pinnacle of rock,
That I might often see
The face of the ocean;
That I might watch its heaving waves
Over the wide sea,
When they chant music to their Father
Upon the world's course. . . .

The picking of *duilisc* from the rocks, the sight of the ocean monsters, the song of the wonderful birds across the level strand are to him unwearying sources of happiness. The ebb and flow of the sea are a mournful epitome of life in the song of the "Old Woman of Beare," whose life is drifting out with the ebbing tide of evening. In the main, however, the sea is in Irish poetry an idealized pathway to the Isles of the Happy, or the Land of Youth that lies beyond and beneath it.

It has no terrors, for the weather is ever fair, and when the sea washes the wave against the land a crystal spray drops from its mane. The chorus of little birds from the Land of Peace sounds over it, and the thrice fifty distant isles which the clear sea encircles are plains of peace and everlasting joy. This strange contrast of feeling runs through all the early poetry of the two countries. The things the poets write of, the aspects of nature on which they delight to dwell, above all, the tone of mind and the outlook on life are totally different. The Irish poetry is more delicate in observation, more brilliant in execution, but often far removed from daily life; the English is more forcible in expression, bolder in scope and conception, and it has its roots in the actual life of the times. The eye of the one is introspective, and the poetry is the revealer of thought and sentiment; its environment suggests the secluded dells of the sheltered woodland; the other, which reflects the exterior world in which the daily life was lived, brings us to the wild airs of the open moor or rough seashore. These are generalizations that in a closer study would receive some modification, but they convey an approximate truth. Though the literature of Ireland came in Northumbria and the Wessex district into contact with English thought and may have helped to give rise to English literature, there is no sign of it having exercised any moulding influence over it; the character of the two remained distinct both in form and feeling. Ireland was already using freely both rhyme and alliteration in her verse; but it was of a different kind and ruled by different laws to Anglo-Saxon alliteration; it had, so far as we can see, no effect upon it, and the same may be said of the matter and internal sentiment of the poetry.

It is only in the prose work of Baeda, such as his Life of St. Cuthbert, and

some of the beautiful stories in the *Ecclesiastical History*, that we get the true, tender Irish touch, with its tone of mysticism and happy simplicity; these are quite on a line with the Lives of the Irish Saints, and might have been gathered out of them. But, then, they deal with men of the same character, and grew up in the midst of precisely similar conditions. In these things Northumbria and Ireland lived in the same current of events and breathed the same spiritual air. They are the life and death experiences of the next of kin.

Among the minor adventures of Mr. Brooke's life, one of the most fruitful was the rescue by him and his brother, Mr. William Graham Brooke, of the home of Wordsworth during his early married life, from the close of 1799 to the spring of 1808. Between these dates nearly all his finest poems were written; here he was most vigorous in mind and body, to him here resorted his closest friends—Coleridge, De Quincey, Southey, and Walter Scott. Here Dorothy passed the best years of her unquiet life, and her "face of Egyptian brown" seems still to haunt the place even more than that of Wordsworth's young bride, whom he brought home to Dove Cottage. When Mr. Brooke first visited the cottage in 1890, with his brother, though it was inhabited "no fatal change had been made in it"; the wainscoted room, the fourteen tiny stairs, the diamond window-panes embowered in jasmine were much the same as when Wordsworth lived in it. The little place was purchased, cleaned and restored as closely as possible to its original condition; the arbor above was rebuilt under the apple-tree, the flowers, daffodils, and primroses replanted, and the hidden rill that fed the garden rediscovered. This spot has been since then the center of the lovely Grasmere and Rydal-water district, and sitting in the primitive arbor, looking down

upon that home of peace, the traditions of the valley seem to nestle there in a quiet shelter made for their continuance. The little book, *Dove Cottage*, put forth in order to awaken public interest, gathers together the memories that belong to the cottage, and is one of Mr. Brooke's most charming pieces of writing. The cottage itself always seems to stand ready for Dorothy or her brother to enter at the door.

Among the places that made the deepest impression on Mr. Brooke's mind and literary work, and that he loved the best, Italy and the Lake district perhaps held for him the strongest ties. His *Sea-charm of Venice* (1907) is a graceful memorial of his visits to the Lady of the Seas, and, in addition to *Dove Cottage*, his studies on Wordsworth and Coleridge in his *Theology in the English Poets* (1874), as well as some of his poems, bear witness to his affection for the latter. But as an Irishman who had drawn his first breath in the wild air of Donegal, and gained his first literary distinctions in Trinity College, Dublin, where he was educated, Stopford Brooke retained all his life the warmest affection for his native country. In every way he could he helped to forward its literary progress. His inaugural address delivered before the Irish Literary Society of London, on his acceptance of the Presidency in 1893, gave a real impetus to the translation of Irish literature into the English tongue, and did much to draw the attention of English people to it; and his partnership with Mr. T. W. Rolleston in editing a *Treasury of Irish Poetry* (1900) resulted in one of the best collections of Anglo-Irish verse ever got together. It was, too, through his recognition of the beauty and pathos of the Hon. Emily Lawless' poems that she was led to publish her book called *The Wild Geese*, to which he wrote an historical and critical introduction

He looked upon Irish poetry in the English language as the youngest child of the Goddess Poesy. "Let it be judged as a youth. In time, if it re-
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main true to its country's spirit, the stream that has just emerged from the mountain torrent will become a noble river."

Eleanor Hull.

HONEST MEN.

(Concluded.)

IV.

Begins now the soul-stirring Odyssey of the Matnameri expedition. It numbered eight, not counting Samuel and a few other chosen slaves, about twelve souls—Peters, the irreverent Bellew, Caton, the Assistant Collector ("It's the chance of your life"—thus Hitchens—"don't miss it"), an Inspector and three Sergeants of the Reserve Police—all ex-Tommies these,—two youths from the Salt Department, and the most presentable members of the local company of the Gauthara and Matnameri Volunteer Rifles. That Katimitis (Bellew's word, this) which beset Peters had caused him to rig them out in a series of remarkable garments which he supposed to resemble one or other of the German uniforms,—though after the Volunteer tailor had done his worst they resembled nothing on earth. The German-style topi was carried out more faithfully and elicited various comments. "As if these blights could tell the difference" (Bellew); "This is Tipperary all right, eh, sir?" (Inspector Reads); "Wot the 'ell's this?" (Sergeant Pink); and "Man, Pink, ye're a humblin' sicht the day" (Sergeant Ross). The embittered Cumming, who was returning to his own operations, watched them depart in silence. "God help the Agency," said he; "this lot 'll be worse than a dozen cyclones." "An interesting experiment," said Peters, and rubbed his hands.

As in great orchestras the conductor frequently does not take his seat till the second or third item on the program,

so it was with the Matnameri expedition. The rival commanders, you will please observe, were Peters in the cause of law, order, and justice, and Potandhora Poturazu in the cause of everything else. On paper at least this was so. It held good in actual fact for about forty-eight hours, in which time the expedition had advanced as far as the foot of the Karriki Ghat. A dozen or so of disguised sub-inspectors were on in front to spread the news of a German landing and the coming advance of a small party of Germans into the hills. Cumming meanwhile was almost back at Hodul. And at the foot of the Karriki Ghat the rival conductors made their real appearance, creeping in as is the wont of conductors by nether and mysterious ways.

The rebel general appeared in the form of an elderly man, clad in a cloth of much service which might at one time have been the sacred salmon-color, but which now displayed every shade from gray to sepia. He was discovered seated on a rock by the side of a little stream deep in meditation, and he took no more notice of the expedition than if it had never existed. Now Peters was versed in the beggartalk of almost every Indian tongue, and with appropriate words and gestures he essayed to draw the holy man into speech and to inquire of him the whereabouts of the Kobram gang. The saint smiled an unprepossessing smile, and answered sweetly that he was a poor wanderer of no means whatever and was but that day come

from the north, that his footsteps were guided by the will of God, and that he had no fear of dacoits, having nothing at all to lose. It is notable that Samuel was hovering near during the whole of this interview, and it has been reported that there lurked in his placid eye a curious light of admiration. It is said to be a gift of the greatest generals to recognize at once the real genius among their opponents: Samuel had this gift, and by virtue thereof he thenceforward took supreme command of the Matnameri expedition.

Entirely without a word said or any preconceived arrangement, he contrived to have a long interview with the saint outside the camp that night. He returned therefrom full of cheering words.

"It will take time," he said to the chokra, who sat staring at the great dark thickets of bamboo in a minor paralysis of fear; "but it can be done. It is not at all seemly that our master should be going about the country dressed up like this. Nor is it good for men of my age to come to places where there are no go-downs and no bazaar. All this must come to an end, and very soon too."

"God grant it may be so," said the chokra piously.

The Karriki Ghat is the most dismal of the three, and the hardest, inasmuch as it goes up the two last steps of the hills in one movement. There are about twelve miles of it, all execrable going, over boulders and stones, and an irritating knee-deep stream that crosses the track time after time. Here and there one comes out upon open stretches of hillside—the black, formidable hills of India—and sees around one immense and terrifying peaks, but the most of the way is done through dense bamboo thickets shutting out the sun. The expedition took a day to it, and a killing, hard day it was; round them, as they stumbled and slipped,

they heard the sambhur-bell and all the voices of the jungle, and once towards evening there came a sound that sent all the servants into a twitter of fear—the deep hough-hough of a panther, like some one earnestly sawing wood. It was a comfort to reach the top and to see the tents pitched and the fires glowing out pleasantly. Dinner, however, was marred by two unfortunate incidents: about the second course a raw-edged sphere of lead ripped through Bellew's tent from side to side; and later, at the pudding, a second shot sprayed the camp with a deluge of nails and small iron. "Merely a demonstration," said Peters; "perhaps to test our good faith." "Seems to be testing our tempers all right," said the irreverent Bellew; "listen to Ross." Ross had been hit in the shoulder by a nail, and was justifiably annoyed.

"Some one is playing the fool," said Samuel to the chokra. "This will stop," and stop it did after one more shot—a lump of pig-iron this time apparently, which landed in the tinned stores with an edifying crash. It is notable in this connection that after dinner Samuel had another long interview with the saint outside the camp. It was apparently more satisfactory than the last.

"The thing is quite easy," he said, "but he demands very much money. Somehow he has been making much money out of these people here, and if he is to give them up he asks a great deal. What is to be done? It is his gain to save these budmashes and so to keep us wandering about this cursed country. Now it is by all means desirable that we get out of it as soon as possible. I have said before that it is unseemly. We must find a way."

The chokra replied merely that he was "seeck," whereat Samuel permitted himself to snort contemptuously, and wrapping himself in some warm garments left the camp.

I think it must by now be clear that the contest, Peters *v.* Potandhora, for law, order, and justice had somewhat vanished and had thinned itself down to the more concrete form, Samuel *v.* Gurumurti on the issue—how soon and how profitably can this come to an end.

Camp, about to strike the next morning, was horrified to find no Samuel; no one had seen him since dinner-time, and the chokra lay helplessly "seeck," a prey to all the devils of the Agency. After a couple of anxious hours, however, Samuel made his appearance and, staving off rebuke, presented himself very solemnly before Peters. To that interested officer he related how he had gone out in the morning to survey the country, had lost himself most unfortunately in the jungle, but had there met a hillman professing to be in very truth a member of the gang. "Last night shooting, sir," said Samuel, adding the artistic verisimilitude. "The devil he was," said Peters. The marksman, it appeared, had heard that they were Germans and was very pleased about it, but Potandhora had insisted on his shooting at the camp to prove their good faith. (Oh, cunning Samuel, you read your master's mind. "I thought that was it," said Peters.) All were very pleased that their fire had not been returned, and tomorrow, just at dawn, as a token of friendliness, Potandhora and the chief of his band would present themselves before his Honor and discuss the situation. It was therefore unnecessary to go any further, which, with that fool of a chokra so "seeck," was just as well.

"Well done, Samuel," said the delighted Peters. "This is splendid. You'll get the reward for this. By Jove, you deserve it."

The placid Samuel thought modestly that he did.

For indeed the night had not been without its difficulties, its moments of

terror. Outside the camp he had met the saintly Gurumurti, and together, wrangling all the way on matter of annas and rupees, they had gone many weary miles into the hills, until finally they had come upon a clearing in the jungle and a gang of horrifying beings. They were wild-eyed and scantily clad, and they carried most murderous cross-hilted knives, the broad blades of which writhed like serpents, and they looked upon the fatness of Samuel as though they would fain have probed its depth. "Few butlers," thought Samuel with pardonable pride, "would go through this." Confronting him he found a lean and smallish man, with crisp, curling hair and a catlike grace of movement; and this, he knew very well, was the black Potandhora himself.

The Saint made an elaborate salaam, casting his right hand above his head, after the fashion of the hills.

"This is the man," said he.

"Is it true, then," said Potandhora, "that your master beats you?"

"True, indeed," said Samuel. "And gladly would I kill him; but I am only a servant, and I am afraid."

"You hate him?" said Potandhora admiringly: he understood that feeling very well. Samuel's answer would have caused the unconscious Peters to tremble in his shoes.

"Good." Potandhora stretched himself, displaying the armory of knives at his waist. "Then is it true, as this man says,"—he waved a hand toward the benign Gurumurti—"that if he leads us to your camp tomorrow night you will be able to hand us all their rifles and all their powder and bullets?"

"Assuredly," said Samuel. "You are to come just before dawn. He is to bring for me so many rupees. When he gives me the rupees, I will hand you out the rifles. There is nothing really to fear. They think you take them for Germans."

"Germans!" A wave of unpleasant laughter ran round the fire. "Everybody knows there are so such people as Germans. There is no war. The British Raj invented the lie so that they could screw more money out of the Indian people. I was clever, and I made capital out of it. Others were fools, and paid money. As for these—they are not Indians, so they must be English. Who ever heard of any other people?"

"What a thing it is to have a mind!" Samuel had said.

All that had been easy and pleasant. Not so easy had it been when, only a hundred yards away from the dacoits' camp, the Saint had come stealing upon him like a shadow again, and hissed in his ear—

"You pay me half the reward you get from the sahibs for this."

"A third," said Samuel stoutly,—
"so it was arranged."

"A half," said the holy Gurumurti,
"or I give you away here and now,
and Potandhora will rip you up like
a sheep."

Yes, that had been a nasty moment, and it was then that the little revolver Samuel had stolen from a D.S.P. in the long ago had come in uncommonly useful. There were no cartridges, and Samuel was not quite sure how to use it even if there had been, but Gurumurti had not known that. He had climbed down with remarkable speed.

"There is no sense in trying to make too much," Samuel had told him. "You are to bring these people to our camp. They are to pay you very well for that, and it is your lookout to see that they pay you in advance. You are also to carry my present for handing out the rifles. Half of that you are to get for yourself, as I have said, and besides that the third part of whatever I get from the sahibs. That is fair, and you will do very well out of it. The sahibs will certainly catch your dacoits,

and you will make no more out of them. It is really only through my kindness that you will get so much. It is fair. So much milk you can get from a cow, but there is no sense in squeezing it dry. It simply spoils the cow for everybody. Let it be as it is."

And meanwhile—and herein, I venture to suggest, lies any point and value this history may possess—meanwhile the good Peters, tossing on his camp-cot at the head of the Karriki Ghat, believed that he and no other was leading an expedition of cunning structure and design against the Kobram gang. He fancied that Samuel's time was fully occupied with the purveyal to that expedition of three meals a day and the movement of its belongings from point to point. The saintly man Gurumurti, late Head Constable 990, late Bhaskaraswami, Commander-in-Chief of a Brahminical society, late saint of Haiderabad,—of him he had forgotten altogether even the little that he knew.

V.

History and fable alike abound in examples of the utter disaster that falls upon those who aspire after the one thing too many. There was the sad case of Fatima, the wife of Bluebeard; there was that unfortunate young man, the Third Calendar; there was Œdipous Turannos,—to these and their many fellows this narrative has the privilege of adding the case of Gurumurti.

Presumably when one has spent the first flush of one's manhood among the petty extortions and bribery of a series of police stations—one's father being, to begin with, a dismissed Revenue Inspector—and has thereafter exerted all one's ingenuity in the fleecing of ignorant and credulous villagers; and when, finally, one has lived very comfortably for some months by peddling exclusive police information to a wealthy gang of dacoits;—

presumably then it may be difficult to realize that there comes a time when the wise man asks no further. To the saintly Gurumurti money-grubbing had become more than a second nature, it was a mania, an obsession: the thought that an anna, or the quarter of an anna, was going past him caused him to writhe in anguish; the mere suggestion that he was not making all that could be made out of any given business cast him into the horrors of the pit. There is absolutely no doubt that after Samuel and his unpleasant revolver took their way, he set out to make the lives of Potandhora and his friends a burden to them. Now, your true dacoit makes his money easily and having done so does not care to haggle over fractions of a rupee; and one can readily imagine that this oily saint, alternately cringing and bullying for an extra anna on his terms, struck the gentleman of Kobram as an irritating figure. That they started on their journey to the Karriki camp is manifest, but it was a journey of which Gurumurti never saw the end. Opinions vary as to the fatal demand: some say he wished for the secret burying-place of the huge treasure reft from the unhappy Mokhasadar of Hodul, some say it was a lady popularly regarded as the exclusive property of Potandhora—at all events somewhere near Bhasku, a village some four miles above Karriki, he provoked that harassed leader too far. His reward was a full and magnificent stroke just under the chin from Potandhora's cross-hilted, serpent-bladed knife. There was a tiny hole under his left ear where the tip of that stout blade came through. Save as an object to be removed from the pathway, Gurumurti gave no further trouble whatever.

The deed being done, and everyone immensely relieved in consequence, it doubtless struck Potandhora with wonder that he had not achieved it long

ago. They were now only four miles from Karriki, the way was familiar, there was no further need of Gurumurti at all. After what can only have been a brief hesitation, Potandhora cached his band in the old traveler's bungalow at Bhasku—a most depressing structure of mud, with a mass of dejected thatch weeping over the eaves—and taking only a single lieutenant struck down for Karriki and Samuel. The great man had his own reasons for sleeping lightly that night, and about half-past two or three in the morning Potandhora got him out into the bamboo thicket at the back of the camp. But Potandhora had brought no money, and Samuel had the true servant's mania for an advance, with the result that they argued long and bitterly.

The Thieves having already fallen out, now enter the Honest Men. In his old days in the Shropshires, Inspector Reads had developed a mania for shikar. His shikar was strictly of that order known to and delighted in by the British Tommy in India: that is to say, he knew nothing of heads or measurements or horns in velvet; nor paid he any heed to the Scriptural distinction, "male and female created He them." His method was to get up very early in the morning, and crawl about at random on his stomach until something—a peahen maybe or a sambur doe—hove in sight; he then opened fire with his service rifle, and gathered up the fragments that remained. It is a crime to use a service rifle anywhere else than on a range, and it is a crime also to shoot female deer; *natheless* both these things are done. Thus it was that at the first flicker of dawn Inspector Reads, having seen nothing and shot at nothing, and being consequently in the poorest of tempers, crawled almost on to the top of Messrs. Samuel and Potandhora in the middle of their heated argument.

Inspector Reads knew nothing of diplomacy, held no views on strategic tactics, suffered from Kattimitis not at all. He only knew—and the knowledge had been tested in four campaigns—that he saw in front of him a particularly villainous-looking character whose face aroused all his worst apprehensions.

"That's a dacoit," said he, "or my name ain't Reads," and so saying he sprang upon Potandhora from behind and bore him to earth. The other dacoit fled like an antelope, and was never seen or heard of again. Samuel, snatching the situation with the promptness of the truly great, threw himself upon the combatants with a force that ground the wretched Potandhora's face deep among the bamboo roots. It was all over bar shouting.

"A spy again, I suppose," said Peters, rubbing his hands, and facing with his pleasant smile the baleful glare of Potandhora. "What a suspicious lot they are. Well, I suppose the others will come in presently."

They did.

For elsewhere also had Thieves been falling out. The nephew of Gurumurti, Head Constable No. 76 of Malka, for some time had been viewing his saintly uncle with a growing dislike. For one thing he was a hideous drain on the family purse; he never paid a pie for his meals—which were frequent,—and if the curry displeased him his abuse—the startling polyglot eye-opening abuse of the Hindu beggar—was awful to hear. Moreover, the old devil had been unpleasantly constant in his attentions towards Gangamma, the wife of No. 76,—an attractive lady, and to all appearance strictly virtuous—though the Hindu mythology is rather depressing on this aspect of the female character. The climax, however, came when an anonymous petition against No. 76 was presented to Cumming; it was full of

moral and physical accusations of the most lurid character, and No. 76 when confronted with the document was pleased to observe that, whoever had inspired the sentiments, the handwriting was undoubtedly that of his respected uncle. He did not say so at the time, but the next day Cumming, still wondering drearily how it was that the dacoits obtained their infallible information, received a hint. No one openly gave it, it fell as it were from heaven: but No. 76 was summoned.

"Tell me the whole truth," said Cumming, "and you shall go unpunished."

Head Constable No. 76, standing stiffly to attention, told.

"And very nice, too," said Cumming. "The sooner poor old Peters hears of this the better. He stands a rather smaller chance than ever. Moreover, it is just conceivable that a smart lad, acting with promptitude somewhere on the Karriki side, might nobble the good Gurumurti. This, I think, is where we tell off ten men for duty, and steam under forced draught for Karriki."

To those who cannot yet see what is coming, it is only necessary to add that the direct road from Hodul to Karriki runs through Bhasku. Further, the humorous deity who presides over the neat coincidence of times was on his best form. The inhabitants of Bhasku, shivering with cold and full of amazing rumors, met Cumming a furlong or so from the depressing bungalow of that place.

The members of the Kobram gang came into Karriki as Peters had anticipated. With a difference, however, for they marched in neat order two and two, and they were led, not by Potandhora, but by Cumming.

"Well, I'm hanged," said Peters. "Caught twice over. If you hadn't got 'em when you did, we should have had 'em here in another hour or so. I don't think you can laugh at my German business now."

Cumming stared at him fixedly for a full half minute and then burst into a hideous guffaw. He roared and rocked himself about for a space of time, at the close of which he was understood to say he would be getting back to Hodul.

"You see," he said to Bellew in farewell, "it's the Gospel truth. Look at Blackwood's Magazine.

the thing from the point of view of an outsider any blessed way you like, and it looks as if it just was his beastly German dodge that got them. I'm just a fortuitous and superfluous incident. If I say a word it's my filthy jealousy. See?"

Said the irreverent Bellew, adhering religiously to the German illusion—

"Well, I geblowed am. Ach zo-o-o."

Hilton Brown.

ON SPOKEN ENGLISH.

Americans find unending amusement in English ways of speaking the mother-tongue. They take as keen a delight in mimicking us as we in burlesquing them. Strange to say, they see in our idiom and pronunciation a fantastic departure from the tongue once for all delivered to the Fathers, and, since Lowell's day, they have been able to quote high authority for their view. This does not mean, however, that the educated American dislikes the sound of the English of England. On the contrary, he likes it—mainly, no doubt, because of the English voice, which, as he is ready to confess, is music to his ear. Nor does his jeering at us imply satisfaction with the English of his own land. Far from it, for wherever you go in the United States you hear lamentations over the roughness and slovenliness of the common speech. Hence it is not surprising that in America the question of preserving or restoring the language is much more generally discussed in the magazines and elsewhere than it is amongst us. We show a certain anxiety at times, but for the most part we are content to leave the subject to the phoneticians, the Poet Laureate, and the creator of Professor Higgins.

The American professors of English are constantly returning to the theme. Among them is Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, who, in the latest number of the *North American*

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Review, states once again some points in the case for a standard of spoken English. He is a firm believer in it, although at the outset he admits that there exists no authority to declare what and where the standard is. Sainte-Beuve affirmed, and many have said it before and after him, that it is universal suffrage which rules a language. We all agree, within limits. But when logically carried out this principle leads us to the method which was applied without flinching by that thorough-going phonetician, the late Henry Sweet. He saw no reason for offering resistance to the unresting process of phonetic decay. His concern was simply to register, by means of a scientific alphabet, the slipshod vocables of the Home Counties. If the common practice of the more or less educated Southerner was to elide the *r*, to sound the short *a* as *e* is sounded in the North, or to slip a syllable, or several syllables, in a word, then that was standard English, and there was nothing to be done but to record and accept it.

Professor Brander Matthews does not belong to this school. Although, *ex hypothesi*, there is no dictator of language outside and above the multitude, no authority save ordinary usage, we all, he says, recognize that a normal pronunciation exists and seek to conform to it. We may fall short of the standard; even cultivated folk are far from blame-

less; but a large part of our offending is unconscious, "and would be denied indignantly by a majority of those who are guilty of it." What, then, is to be done? Mr. Shaw, concentrating into *Pygmalion* and its preface the advocacy of many years, proclaims that the reformer England needs today is an energetic phonetic enthusiast. Professor Brander Matthews offers a different suggestion. France and Germany, Italy and Spain, he reminds us, have established a standard speech, and the first two nations have accepted the stage as exponent and criterion. So, he argues:

A majority of those interested may be quite willing to abide by the decisions of a dictator-committee composed of disinterested experts; and there might be profit for us who have English for our mother-tongue, if we were to follow this German example and to constitute an American-British commission of actors and linguistic experts to suggest a preference in all those cases where the pronunciation is in dispute.

Now there are several things to be said about this piece of advice. If we were to concede that actors and actresses had a claim to sit upon such a commission (and a few of them speak English almost perfectly), we should doubtless discover that the stage could not be treated as a homogeneous region. Between the noble English of Forbes-Robertson and the speech which passes muster in such theatres as the St. James's or the Criterion, there is a very wide gulf; and while a jury of disinterested experts would award a high place to Sir Charles Wyndham or Mr. Dennis Eadie, it would be driven to condemn many highly-paid players of West-end drawing-room comedy as examples of a deplorable decline. There is, again, a very marked difference between the speech of a good London company and that of Miss Horniman's players from Manchester, while many people would be prepared to maintain that by far the

most exquisite stage speech in these islands in our time has been heard from the players of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin—a language extraordinarily remote from standard English. As a matter of fact, educated England has been influenced much more by the pulpit than by the stage. I do not know whether any phonetician has devoted himself to the study of modern academic English—a subject out of which a fascinating monograph might be made. Contemporary chroniclers of the minor social changes, like Mr. G. W. E. Russell, make frequent reference to the survivals of old-fashioned ways of talking among Victorian celebrities; but they confine themselves to a few familiar examples, such as *obleege*, *cowcumber*, and the rest. What they never think of telling us is how far the tight-lipped vowels of the Anglican clergy or the Oxford-West-end accent of today prevailed among the "best people" before the middle of the nineteenth century; or whether there was any marked difference between the English of, say, Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell and that of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour. Professor Matthews, I see, remarks that Matthew Arnold dropped his final *g*'s—an accusation which seems to imply that this foolish affectation of smart society was adopted somewhat earlier than one had supposed. Professor Matthews, however, thinks and speaks too much of pronunciation alone. Spoken English could not be reformed, nor standard English attained, by settling pronunciation, though to every word now in dispute its single sound were attached. All speakers have preferences and idiosyncrasies, but they do not materially affect the quality of the English. Lord Curzon, for instance, is the only public man in this country who gives an almost Transatlantic flatness to the *a* in *past*, but he is as near to standard English as most of his contemporaries. The essential matter is not pronunciation, but

enunciation, articulation: and that is a subtle and complex union of values, in which pitch and stress and cadence may be almost as important as the vowel sounds.

Of course, if it were merely or mainly a question of pronunciation in the narrow sense, the problem would be simple enough. A Government decree could impose the standard with, at any rate, no more difficulty than Mr. Roosevelt encountered when, misled by Mr. Carnegie, he tried to get his countrymen to change *through* into *thru*. Nothing could be easier than for English and Americans to remove those curious little differences which, apart from accent, serve to reveal the country of origin. Hawthorne was of opinion that the pronunciation of *been* was an unfailing test, the Briton rhyming it to *seen* and the American to *sin*. He did not know of the millions of English people who habitually say *bin*, although, of course, it remains true that the test holds for the great majority of educated folk on both sides of the Atlantic. Professor Lounsbury, a useful champion of good English, was disposed to regard *schedule* as an almost perfect shibboleth between British and Americans, and perhaps he was right. At any rate, I should say that no Englishman used to public speaking in America would have the hardihood to refrain from saying *sked-yule*. Few things bother an audience more than the recurring shocks which come from hearing a speaker giving an unaccustomed sound to words in constant use. Hence, one finds it natural in America to shorten the final syllable in words like *hostile* and *fertile*, and, it may be, to avoid any tendency to excessive indulgence in the broad *a*.

Professor Matthews, needless to say, takes it for granted that the greater regional variations must persist. The educated classes in a small area such as Great Britain tend inevitably to a uniform accent. It is even conceivable that

the country, as a whole, may be gradually subjugated by London. Schools, and national armies, and the movement of the population may bring that about; although at present there is not a grain of evidence to show that the tremendous barrier of accent between the classes is giving way—except perhaps in the drift of smart society towards the use of the cockney *a* and *o*. It is obvious to anyone who remembers the speech of the North or Midlands thirty years ago that the impure long vowels are making rapid headway in districts where formerly every native, whether educated or not, inherited the fine and full sound of a stronger speech. "Biby's nime's Jine, pline Jine," said the little South London girl to Canon Horsley. Another thirty years of schools and training-colleges in which the speaking of English is ignored, and the whole of England may be talking like that.

But it is another matter altogether when we consider the scattered regions of the English-speaking world. Geography and climate are factors so decisive that the Scotch can never speak like the Nova Scotians or the people of New York like those of New South Wales. But all the same Professor Matthews is persuaded that, given an accepted standard, it should be possible to get rid entirely of local variations. He recalls a dinner given to Henry Irving in London, so long ago as 1883, at which Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Lowell both spoke in a tongue that was "English pure and simple, not betraying itself as either British or American." Such "ultimate excellence," he admits, is rare, but he believes that it can be found in a small number of orators and players, and he would "include more Americans than Britons on the list of those who have achieved it." That is, as he confesses, because his opportunities of judging have been more frequent in the United States than in Great Britain. We can assure him that the

longest list he could produce of Americans speaking perfect English would have no terrors for us. We would engage to double it with names standing for every shade of precise and harmonious speech. Besides, his own test is impossibly severe. President Wilson and Dr. C. W. Eliot are beautiful speakers, but no listener could mistake them for Englishmen.

S. K. Ratcliffe.

THE GOVERNANCE OF IRELAND.

BY SIR FRANCIS VANE.

Ireland is never taken seriously in Peace, and never leniently in Rebellion. Just before the outbreak, when some of the higher officials had obtained a glimmering of what was about to happen and one of the highest of these issued an order that Special Constables should be enrolled, he advised that eight of them should be stationed at the General Post Office, and "that they should be provided with whistles and could provide themselves with sticks." Could anything be more of comedy than this suggested method of putting down a Rebellion in which, during half-an-hour of pitched battle, I lost six men killed and many wounded? The fatal truth is that the Englishman in respect to Ireland adopts the same mental attitude of superiority as he does with foreigners on the Continent, which makes him personally the most disliked of all visitors. It is possible that much of our literature and all our drama has contributed to this: it is likely that a people who were taught to speak of two of our present Allies as "one dirty Frenchman, two Portugees, one jolly Englishman will beat them all three," has become too paralyzed by conceit and self-righteousness to be able to judge men fairly. This, however, is true: that until and unless the English become educated out of this form of insularity the fewer of them we have in official positions in Ireland the better it will be for the Empire.

Yet it is true, that the most vicious enemies of Ireland live in that country.

There is no other country in the world of which it can be said that a large proportion of the gentry are opposed to the ideals, thoughts, political outlook, and religion of the people. Though it is true that the influence for evil of this class since the Land Act is greatly curtailed, yet it is curious how malign an influence they have over the minds of Englishmen, both in Ireland and England.

To give an example of the bitterness of these renegade Irishmen, it is as well to remind the reader that an Irish Peer some six months at least after this great War had commenced, stated that the Irish National Volunteers would run away at the first sound of a German gun. This at a time when, among other officers, the writer was engaged in getting recruits for the Army from these very Volunteers—and did so to such effect that a large proportion of those gallant countrymen who the other day took Ginchy and Guillemont are drawn from this Corps. The comic part of this speech was that the "noble Lord" who in the House of Lords uttered this libel against his own race had himself never been under fire. It is, however, an appalling thing to think that a man should have been allowed to make so egregious a statement in a Public Assembly about a race noted for its physical courage without either being shouted down or called to account for it.

This ebullition of spite may be written down as ridiculous enough. Yet it is the fact that men of the above type are constantly making unpatriotic al-

lusions to their countrymen, which cause in the first place exasperation among the people, and secondly have a most malign effect on the minds of Englishmen. The picture of Irish life, of Irish character even, which is imprinted on the minds of Englishmen, and especially of their officials, is exactly what has been told them by the class of denationalized Irishmen referred to.

It was not long ago, in a Dublin Club, that the writer met one of these renegades. Pretending to know little of Irish politics, I asked him in bland tones, "I suppose, then, that you are a Nationalist?" "Nationalist be damned," he replied, getting very red, "certainly not." "Oh, then, I see, as you are not a Nationalist, I suppose you are what they call a pro-German?" Then explosion!

It is pathetic almost to tears to find, in a country so rich and among a people so generous, not only an alien and aggressive gentry, but one backed up by a foreign religion which pleasantly styles itself the "National Church of Ireland." It would be equally absurd, though more historically justifiable, if the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Great Britain adopted the name and style of the "Church of England." The effect of this presumption is found everywhere. Only a month or two ago the most influential Bishop of the Protestants in Ireland wrote to the papers in favor of the maintenance of Martial Law in that country. The words he used to advocate his view were these: "All Loyalists in Ireland are grateful for having Martial Law here, and hope it will be retained indefinitely."

Now please note the use of the word Loyalist. It was perfectly well known at the time that every Irish Nationalist in the country, from Mr. John Redmond and Mr. William O'Brien to the humblest worker on the soil, fiercely resented the imposition of this form of control

because the Rising in no way justified such measures. Not more than 1,500 men out of half-a-million rose in rebellion in Dublin. Moreover, all those who desire to see better relations existing between Ireland and England deprecate the measure because it is rapidly converting the Constitutional Nationalists into revolutionary Sinn Feiners, and because its continuance is obviously incompatible with the promises made by the Premier.

Yet, in the quiet security of his study, this Prelate writes to the world practically asserting that all those who do not love Martial Law, in fact, the whole bulk of the Irish Nationalists, are not loyal. The use of the words "Loyal" and "Rebel" should be made a penal offense in Irish Law!

Some time ago, I was walking down the main street of a country town in the company of the wife of a Protestant Rector. Probably in that town five per cent of the population are of that religion. She was asked to point out the Catholic Churches en route to the service in the little Protestant Church. Her reply, here in Ireland, living among her Catholic fellow countrymen, was this: "Oh, you know, we do not call those churches, they are chapels." What are you to do with people like this, who seem to wish to aggravate every difference, to irritate every wound? To a certain influential Protestant who had been trying to persuade me that the Rebellion was a proof of the ineradicable wickedness of his own people, I said that "since I had been in Ireland this time it was true, I had met many criminal lunatics, but as a Protestant I regretted to say that nearly all of them were of my religion."

This all appears very small, very mean, very insignificant. Yet cumulatively those arrogancies on the part of an alien gentry and an alien Church cause irritation in a highly sensitive people. They are largely the effect,

inexplicable to one like myself, an Irishman from outside, of the dissensions of bygone times. For example, just before the Rising, I was engaged in organizing a recruiting meeting of somewhat a novel kind. It was proposed to have a rally of all the Associations of the young at the Mansion House, the Boy Scouts, Boys' Brigades, and the rest, and they were to give a display of their talents in drill, life saving, signaling, and fire brigade work. Catholics and Protestants were to be represented. I was to have given an address to them and to their parents on "Duty," including the Defense of the Home and public service in protecting and assisting their neighbors. A provisional program was drawn up and submitted to the various Committees.

Shortly after this a very solemn gentleman, the representative of one of these bodies, came to me and stated that his Committee had noticed that no reference was made to the singing of "God Save the King." Without this ceremonial it would be impossible for his boys to be represented. He was assured that this would be duly included in the series of events. The next day the Chairman of another Committee arrived who equally solemnly stated that he noticed that "God Save the King" was to be sung, and as this gave a political complexion to the meeting he thought that it would give offense. He further went on to explain that his people had no objection to singing this Anthem, but as a political party had used this song as a sign of anti-Nationalism, it would be unwise to include it.

The New Witness.

It is to be regretted, but I laughed. Frankly he was told that while I had never been accustomed to consider that the Anthem must be included in the program of a display of physical prowess among children, yet if they liked it or did not like it, let them sing as well "The Wearing of the Green," "The Boys of Wexford," and even, if they wished, "Who fears to speak of '98?"

It came back to me that a few days after we entered Pretoria in 1900 a regimental band of a British regiment had been happily inspired to play the Transvaal National Anthem in the square of that town, and with the most pleasing effect on its inhabitants. In this simple example you find the root of the whole trouble in Ireland. On the one side you have a minority, constantly rubbing it in that theirs is the only genuine brand of loyalty; that loyalty to England is more praiseworthy than loyalty to Ireland; and on the other the vast majority of the nation resenting the mental attitude, profoundly convinced, that this virtue must, like charity, begin at home, and irritated by the constant taunts and jibes of a party or a class who appear to consider that life is better ordered and more worth living in Hampstead or Hoxton than in their own fair land.

Why, then, in the name of common sense do they not go to these places and there sing the National Anthem to their heart's content, if they cannot stay among their fellow countrymen and share with them their ideals, aspirations and traditions?

"TROIS JOURS DE PERMISSION."

"Une petite minute! . . . a little minute"; the words, uttered by a functionary in evening dress with the features, and far more than the gravity of, a British statesman, consecrate one to a

long period of waiting in the reverential and silent atmosphere of a palace of high rooms and tapestried panels. A long period of waiting. . . . Well, the longest period of waiting that I have

known in a life that nowadays is characterized by more waiting than I have ever known. Waiting for the transport; waiting for the bombs to come up; waiting for one's unit to move; waiting for one's orders; waiting for the shelling to stop; and, above all, waiting for the shell—the solitary whining shell, the last of three that is due from the methodical German battery miles away on the plain—waiting for that to manifest itself in a black cloud, up there; in an unechoing crash, and in a patter, as of raindrops. . . . Yes, one learns to wait. The most impatient temperament, somewhere in France, will be strait-waistcoated into inaction, into introspection.

Nevertheless, that quarter of an hour in the high ante-room, giving on to vistas of other ante-rooms, so that all the noise of the streets, of the city, of the world, and of the war!—no longer exist—that period seemed a lifetime. I don't know why. In the great ante-room sat three officers in festive blue, a widow in a cloud of black; an attractive young woman of twenty-five or so, in a large hat decorated with cherries—all absolutely motionless, drooping, with eyes on the bright and priceless carpet. The walls showed, in panels, the terraces of Fontainebleau, in purples, in bright yellows, in scarlets. . . . But the atmosphere was that of the eighteenth, the seventeenth, the sixteenth century. One might have been waiting for a scarlet-robed figure to appear between the great folding doors. One might have been waiting for Richelieu or Mazarin. . . .

Yet: "trois jours de permission à Paris"—week-end leave in Paris should not be a matter of serenities or the seventeenth century. And indeed it wasn't. One dined at Foyot's, at Prunier's, at the Café de la Paix: one went to hear Lakiné, and the melodies seemed to turn one's heart round: one leaned over the balcony of the Opéra Comique looking at the dark streets which after nightfall

always seem medieval. And one talked gravely and slowly to a French captain, who talked gravely and slowly—about "là bas," about the different sectors of the Somme that one had seen—and the marmites and the rum jars and the statue shells. One went to mass at the Madeleine; one promenaded in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne; one talked literature, philosophy, and the economics of after the war, in the Brasserie Universelle. One even found time to play hide-and-seek with the children in the hotel hall, making a prodigious noise on the marble tiles, and smiled at by adult guests who knew that one had "trois jours de permission"—the rather strained, precocious, bi-lingual children, with black bows and dead fathers. . . .

And Paris, you know, appeared to be exactly the same as Paris always was in September. Not the same as Paris in May, of course; but then it was September. The leaves were beginning to drift down in the Tuileries Gardens, one saw the Champs Elysées in torrents of rain; the Boulevard Saint-Germains was "up" in a complicated manner, of which only Paris has the secret. And, except that people who otherwise would not have hurried themselves for one, smiled and did hurry themselves when one said that one had only "trois jours de permission," and so was a fit subject for a little spoiling one might very well have been in one's mufti of three years ago. And indeed I saw fewer uniforms in Paris than I have seen anywhere else since August, 1914. London, when I last saw it, was all khaki; the shires all khaki; Wales all khaki; little Belgium all khaki, and the Somme and Rouen. And you cannot be in any country field of our "somewhere in France" without there being in one corner of it at least half-a-dozen battered men in khaki trousers, performing obscure tasks with shovels under the hedges. Between the immense avenues of poplars go the endless columns of transport wagons, along the

uplands the moving notes of platoons, companies, battalions, all dust-colored. And all France of the line south of us is mist-blue.

But Paris seems more unconcerned than any city I have yet seen; engrossed in its daily work beneath the September sun or sitting at the little tables at night, under the plane trees on the boulevards, it goes on, quietly running things. And indeed it is the same everywhere. The French officers are serious, taciturn men, who seldom speak, and when they do speak, speak very slowly. And, "out here," what there is of the French left is always quiet and solemn, the immense long avenues, the heavy trees, the plough moving slowly, the solitary women sitting in empty houses, the churches into which the shells fall. Except in the short space of no man's land, and except for spaces on the Somme where there is no blade of grass, but only shell-holes for field on field, France continues engrossed in her daily tasks—right up to the trenches. And even beyond! For, a few yards—yes, a few yards!—behind the German trenches, The Nation.

here one can see men in blue blouses and women in black—getting in the harvest. They are forced to labor by their conquerors. . . .

And at the heart of it are those silent palaces with the seventeenth-century atmosphere, the functionaries looking like British statesmen in evening dress, who are nevertheless only door-openers, and the great functionaries who ask "in what they can be useful to you"—the time-honored formulary which is supposed to lead one to fortune. It did not lead me to fortune, since I only asked the Minister if he could procure us some ferrets—our regimental ferrets having all died. But there are no ferrets in France, not in the Ministries, not in the Jardins des Plantes et d'Acclimatation. That is perhaps a defect of France, but I have perceived no other.

It is, in short, we who play cricket with pick-handles under shell-fire, and with uproarious noises stand round rat holes waiting for the ferrets to drive out our prey. And France regards us with solemn eyes. No doubt comprehension will grow out of it.

Ford Madox Hueffer.

"LOVELY MELANCHOLY."

Mr. Andrew Macphail explains in his preface that his anthology* was designed at the outset for a "private luxury." Its compilation has been the "melancholy pleasure" of many years. Now, writing from Flanders, he offers it as a comfort to others. Books, indeed, we all of us know from experience, may bring a momentary forgetfulness of trouble and anxiety. They express what we ourselves cannot; they take the mind out of itself, break down the desperate sense of solitude which comes with grief, open many doors. But every sorrow is his alone who feels it. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and if the quietest under-

*"The Book of Sorrow" By Andrew Macphail. Oxford University Press. 6s net.

standing, the tenderest good sense, if even love itself can only in part share that bitterness, books can be only a passing consolation. For of grief, runs Peter Hausted's old song,

each man beares
Enough about him of his owne
To spend his stock of teares upon.

When, then, Mr. Macphail claims for his book that it contains "all that has been said, and, indeed, can be said," on his chosen theme, melancholy pleasure has transported him a little too far. Prose, unfortunately, did not come within his survey, and though there are scores of poems in his collection as familiar as they are lovely, he

has certainly not exhausted English verse. In every anthology—as in most family gatherings—it is the absentees that seem so dear. It is a question, too, whether poetry does not suffer by being put to so definite and restricted a service as this. To emphasize the mere subject of a poem is somehow to do it an injury. It is not what a poem is about, but where it comes from that matters. Many anthologists ignore this, with the consequence that there often clings to their work a remote odor of camphor. They are collectors, pigeon-holders, they have designs.

The very purpose, indeed, of Mr. Macphail's leisurely and comfortable labors has the effect of a cage. The birds caught in it may sing with one voice "wildly well," but they pine a little at the bars and sometimes at each other. Even in a world where no man positively lives on essences there is a certain kind of inferior rhyming, a certain kind of lifelessly faultless verse that, like a stupid or a very clever man on a committee, reacts against the best and reduces the general level. If anything, Mr. Macphail has been too open-handed in his hospitality, as well as, perhaps, a little too mechanical. It was when the youthful Elihu broke out into indignation and praise—"his belly was ready to burst like new bottles"—that Job began to be comforted. His three aged friends had kept far too religiously to the point at issue.

A few excellent old things have been retrieved by Mr. Macphail. No one, for instance, will grudge the space given to "Upon a Passing Bell," by Thomas Washbourne, who was born in 1606; or to "Of Man's Mortalitie," by Simon Wastell, who died in 1632, though these pieces are merely echoes of that marvelous dirge "In Time of Pestilence" by Thomas Nashe, whom "Death's impartial dart" had transfixed before Washbourne was out of the nursery. This melancholy concern with mortal

vanities and the thick dust of death curiously allures and excites the imagination. Hark, cries the one,

Hark how the Passing Bell
Rings out thy neighbor's knell!
And thou for want of wit
Or grace, ne'er think'st on it;
Because thou yet are well!

And Simon Wastell tells the same sad tale:—

The grasse withers; the tale is ended;
The bird is flowne; the dew's ascended;
The hour is short; the span not long;
The swan's near death; man's life is done.

Not exactly "done"; it is only the curious clicking footstep he is warning us of, the increasing gleam of the taper "in the outer room." That menacing irony is common in the English poets, from Chaucer, who bemoaned the lover "in his colde grave Allone, withouten any companye," and Hoccleve, who bewailed him, "O maister, maister, God thy soule reste"; to Webster, and Gray, and Hood, and Poe—

For man never slept
In a different bed—
And to sleep you must slumber
In just such a bed. . . .

and Francis Thompson, who knew the meaning of his words when he lamented that "Life should be so sad to have That's so sad to leave." Many others have warned the young and lovely—and obdurate—against the perils of fleeting time, and in so doing have proved themselves oddly blind to the fact that beauty alone can defy death because it needs no defense from it, triumphs in despite of it, and that the ugly always wears the appearance of a kind of obstruction of matter. Few have expressed the tranquil faith of John Oldham's "A Quiet Soul":—

Thy soul within such silent pomp did
keep,
As if humanity were lull'd asleep;
So gentle was thy pilgrimage beneath,
Time's unheard feet scarce make less
noise,

Or the soft journey which a planet goes.

Life seemed all calm as its last breath.
A still tranquillity so hush'd thy breast,
As if some Haleyon were its guest,
And there had built its nest. . . .

Mr. Macphail has given the roomiest welcome to this beautiful, wistful, if not always wise and profound brooding upon death, these trysting songs to Sorrow in her solitude under the stars. There *is*, however, "distinction in the grave," though William Strode three hundred years ago denied it, and by denying it so eloquently refuted his own argument; and however prudent it may be, a later poet's counsel is seldom followed:—

But ask not bodies doom'd to die
To what abode they go;
Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know.

Now, of all times, that desperate question beats upon the mind. The old poets could be sententious and didactic and yet make poetry. "O why into the world is sorrow sent?" asked Samuel Rowley, in this mood of edification, and tersely, if not tartly, answered his own question—"Men afflicted, best repent."

But Mr. Macphail has been busy, too, among the sentimental versifiers of the later nineteenth century with far less profit to his anthology. He has rubbed the kindly lichen and moss from their works, and in his generosity has apparently ignored the fact that it is possible to be perfectly sincere and deeply moved, as was Carlyle in his "Adieu," and yet not to succeed in justifying the use of rhyme and metre. Self-pity, even Tennyson's "Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie: Go by, go by"; the tearful brooding on one's own phantasmal tombstone, the solemn or splenetic upbraiding of those who cannot or will not see that we shall be more dear and desired, but far less circumventible, dead than alive, do not usually allure the Muses. Even less likely are they to

be beguiled into an afternoon call by a solemn pensiveness which this little book—probably because it *does* not venture much among the living—suggests is characteristically Victorian. Mr. John Talon-Lespérance (who was born in 1866) must have been enmeshed in this tradition not so much when he referred to "the caw of blackbirds" as when he wrote

Not till the crocus bloom,
And April rays have thawed the frost-bound slope,
O Rita, shall this heart to light reope,
With the flowers on thy tomb!

Nor was Mr. Macphail himself entirely free from its influence in such lines as "Should I but nestle close beside the mound this night with ear alert. . . ." For if in gladness our exclamations may be irrational, sorrow too (at least when versified) may endanger good sense—"If yet I live 'Tis but to show how much I grieve!" Every old tombstone—even if our eyes do not brood on its worn and wrinkled surface for the purpose recommended by Leonardo—is a long, full story briefly told, and there is a kind of not unhappy pathos—as well, perhaps, as a gentle discipline—in reading the mere names of all-but-forgotten poets, not unlike that which the fancy finds in a faded sampler worked by childish fingers long ago at rest. Yet one true little lyric is of this company, by Thomas Ashe, who died in 1889. It is called "A Machine Hand," and Charles Lamb would have loved it:—

My little milliner has slipp'd
The doctors, with their drugs and ways,
Her years were only twenty-two,
Though long enough her working days.

At eight she went through wet and snow,
Nor dallied for the sun to shine,
And walk'd an hour to work, and home,
Content if she was in by nine.

She had a little gloomy room,
Up stair on stair, within the roof;
Where hung her pictures on the wall
Wherever it was weather-proof.

She held her head erect and proud,
Nor ask'd of man or woman aid,
And struggled, till the last; and died
But of the parish pit afraid.

Jennie, lie still! The hair you loved
You wraps, unclipp'd, if you but knew
We by a quiet churchyard wall,
For love and pity buried you!

What Mr. Macphail calls "the order" of his anthology is a little difficult to appreciate. He divides it into sections, to each of which he gives a heading, "The Shrouding," "The Burial," and so on. But why does he put "Rose The Times.

Aylmer" under "Bitter Sorrow," and "Lycidas" under "Sweet Sorrow"? "Victory," including the stoical epicureanism of Landor's "Finis," is followed by "The Sadness of It," with the magnanimous whimsicality of that realistic deathbed scene "The Sad Day," by Thomas Flatman, and this by "The Pity of It," under which come "The Land of Dreams," "Casa Wappy," T. E. Brown's "Vespers," and Kingsley's "The Sands of Dee." The general effect is one of defeated ingenuity, if not of sentimentality. A straightforward order, alphabetical or chronological, would have been better, even though it would have entailed sacrificing the melancholy pleasure of arranging these trophies.

THE PROBLEM OF PARASITISM.

One of the perplexing shadows in the pleasant picture of animate nature is the frequency of parasitism. To some minds it appears as a blot spoiling the whole script. But without denying that there is some warrant for practical, æsthetic, and ethical recoil, we think that much of this is due to lack of perspective. Let us take a rapid survey of the facts. Thousands of living creatures, both plants and animals, live in or on others, bound up with them in a brutally direct nutritive dependence and incapable of living in any other way. Uninvited non-paying boarders they are, who make their hosts no return for the hospitality enjoyed. When we think of the "minor horrors of war," regarding which Dr. Shipley has written so admirably, of yard-long tapeworms and plump maw-worms in their inglorious life of ease, of mites and ticks innumerable, of fish-lice and flukes, of rusts and mildews and other parasitic fungi, and so on down to the microscopically minute bacilli and trypanosomes, we are

appalled at the number and diversity of parasites. It is some relief to find that no backboned animals are parasitic unless it be the hags (*Myxine*) which sometimes burrow into the fishes caught on the fisherman's deep-sea lines. There are no parasites among Echinoderms and few among Molluscs and Cœlentera, perhaps in part because the life of these types depends so much on the action of living lashes (cilia or flagella) in a fresh medium. Among plants most of the parasitic forms are fungi, and there are very few among flowering plants. But there is no getting away from the fact that parasitism is a very common mode of life. One of the European oaks harbors no fewer than ninety and nine different kinds of gall-flies, and the hundredth will probably have been discovered before this article is published. The valuable Lac insect of India is beset by over thirty animal and vegetable parasites. The dog is a terrain for over forty; man and pig have far more. In short, no creature with a body is without

a parasite, and the number that may possess a lusty host with a wide range of appetite is legion.

The association between parasite and host is often very specific; thus the larvæ of some of the freshwater mussels become temporary parasites on particular species of fishes and on no others, and the larva of the liver-fluke does not develop in Britain except within one particular kind of freshwater snail. The relation of dependence—always nutritive, and often more—between parasite and host varies greatly in intimacy, for there are external hangers-on, like fish-lice, and intimate endoparasites which become almost part of their host. There are partial parasites which spend a chapter or two of their life in freedom, and there are complete parasites which pass from host to host in a never-broken vicious circle. In proportion to the intimacy of the dependence is the degeneration of the parasite, which affects especially the sensory, nervous, muscular, and alimentary systems. The reproductive system, on the other hand, is often highly developed and the multiplication very prolific. This may be correlated primarily with the abundance of stimulating food available without exertion, and secondarily with the enormous chances of death in the life-history. For most of the parasites owe their survival to being many, not to being strong. The intricacies in the life-histories are often extraordinary, and are due in part to the fact that the parasite has to share in the knots in which their hosts are involved in the web of life, for it is natural enough that the bladderworm of the mouse should become the tapeworm of the cat. Ugly parasites are common, but many are conspicuously well adapted. Thus the tapeworm absorbs food by the whole surface of its body; it is fixed to its host by muscular adhesive suckers and often by attaching hooks as well; it can thrive with a minimum of oxygen; it has a mys-

terious "anti-body" which saves it from being digested in its host's intestine; it produces millions of eggs which it is able to fertilize of itself. It may be repulsive, but in the technical biological sense, relative to given conditions, it is "fit."

The repugnance which many people feel when they think of parasites is partly practical. They resent the fact that a contemptible microbe kills the genius before he comes of age, and that paltry flies put a drag on the wheel of the chariot of civilization. But this is a one-sided view. Many parasites do little harm to their host; a *modus vivendi* has been established. The thousands of Nematodes in the food-canal of a grouse seem of no moment if the bird be healthy. If it be of a weakly constitution, however, the parasites, otherwise trivial, may gain the upper hand and eliminate their host. As this sifting makes for racial health it cannot be called abhorrent. The effects of parasites on their hosts are extraordinarily varied; some give off toxic substances, others, like the beautiful Infusorians in a horse's stomach, appear to be to some extent helpful; some cause internal lesions and others provoke beautiful imprisoning growths like the oak-apples in the wood and the pearls in the oyster. The sturdie-worm causes locomotor ataxia in the sheep whose brain it inhabits, but fish-lice seem often entirely unimportant to their bearers. Almost every earthworm has parasitic Gregarines in its reproductive organs, but they are not usually of moment; on the other hand, the parasitic Crustaceans known as Rhizocephala actually destroy the reproductive organs of crabs. More than that, they change the constitution of the male towards the female type, so that a small ovary sometimes develops; the shape of the abdomen approximates to that of the female, and the protruding parasite is actually guarded by its bearer as if it were a bunch of eggs. On the other hand, many external

parasites behave as if their end in life was to do for their host what he will not do for himself, namely, keep his skin clean. Great mortality from parasites is in most cases due to immigrant animals entering a fresh area and becoming liable to attack by parasites to which they can offer no natural resistance, as when cattle enter the Tse-tse fly-belt and become infected with trypanosomes which are fatal to them, though doing little or no damage to the indigenous animals in which they are at home. Similarly, the fatality of a new parasite in a new population is familiar, as in the case of the Black Death in England, which was due to the introduction of the microbe of bubonic plague from the East. It is not the parasite's interest to kill its host—that is killing the goose that lays the golden eggs—but it is highly probable that very aggressive parasites have eliminated themselves from time to time by turning into beasts of prey. For it seems almost legitimate to place by themselves, and outside the ranks of ordinary parasites, the very virulent microbes like Plague Bacilli and Sleeping Sickness Trypanosomes. They are internal plants-of-prey and beasts-of-prey, and it is interesting to notice that some of them live an exceedingly active life, which is not the usual habit of adult parasites.

Many parasites are aesthetically repulsive in form, color, and movements, and it is instructive to compare the attractive free stages of some of them with the ungraceful, bloated, absorbent masses of tissue which they may become as adults. The ugliness is Nature's stamp of degeneracy and dishonor; it is the natural result of retrogression, involution, sluggishness, and overfeeding. Beauty is universal among free-living, full-grown, wild creatures in a state of health and away from man's fingers; ugliness is the brand of failure. As George Meredith said: "Ugliness is only half-way to a thing." It is interesting

to notice that the dodder and mistletoe, which everyone recognizes as beautiful, are only partial parasites. Inextricably associated with the purely aesthetic repugnance is the feeling that an organism which does not fend for itself is a sort of contradiction in terms.

To many minds, indeed, the darkness of the shadow is in the inconsistency between the parasitic régime and Nature's usual insistence on a strenuous life. This must be admitted, and yet there are extenuating circumstances. In the struggle for existence the organism finds itself beset by envying difficulties and limitations, and one of the reactions that sometimes pay is to become a parasite. But the struggling creature does not see it in our light, and has no prevision of the *facilis descensus* on which it sets foot. It may try to survive inside a larger organism which has swallowed it, just as another may try to survive in a cave, and another in a warm spring. In its searching for food and shelter it may discover in or on another organism what is for it simply a new and very promising world. In many cases it is only the mother-animal that is parasitic, so that it is not necessarily a selfish evasion of struggle this parasitism. It is not easy to fence off parasites that may be of a little benefit to their hosts from symbions and commensals that are, on the whole, beneficial, but levy a slight tax. All these linkages are to be looked at together as expressions of a widespread tendency to weave lives together in a web—an external systematization or correlation which has been of great moment in evolution.

Some have explained that it is not the destructiveness of parasites that they object to, nor their ugliness, nor even their feckless, drifting life, but a certain element of devilry. The ichneumon-fly lays her eggs in a caterpillar; the hatched grubs feed on the living tissues; they make their way out eventually to begin

a new phase of life, having killed their host. It is very difficult in such cases to avoid anthropomorphism. Perhaps it does not matter much to the caterpillar whether it is devoured from the inside or from the outside, and perhaps the ichneumon larvæ are rather beasts of prey than parasites. This, at least, is certain—that what the ichneumon insect does to the caterpillar is not so repulsive as what man often does to The New Statesman.

man, for man knows or ought to know what he is doing. The devilry, indeed, is all, unfortunately, with the man, for the ichneumon's behavior is the expression not so much of devilry as of a certain "wildness" that often crops out in Nature. No explanation can be offered except that organisms, even plants, have in them something akin to the artist's genius. They have great resources they are creative, and they are free.

J. Arthur Thomson.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Bertha Condé's suggestions and reflections on "The Business of Being a Friend" (Houghton Mifflin Company) are not devoid of sentiment, in the best sense of that often-abused word, but have no trace of sentimentality. They are sensible and practical in a high degree, the fruit of personal experience and observation. So large a part of the happiness of life depends upon friendships, wisely chosen and mutually helpful, that it is no slight service which Miss Condé renders to the girl readers for whom chiefly she writes by giving them these hints as to the winning and keeping and serving of friends. Her own experience as student secretary for the National Board of Young Women's Christian Associations especially fits her for this service. Dr. Richard C. Cabot furnishes a brief but appreciative Introduction.

The drift and purpose of the suggestions and reflections contained in Mrs. Harriet Doan Prentiss's little volume "From Nature Forward" (J. B. Lippincott Company) are sufficiently indicated in the author's definition of her creed, in which, after expressing her belief in God as the source and sustainer of life, and in the spiritual life of man, she says: "I believe that health and happiness are the birthright of every ego, and that broken laws pro-

duce sickness, poverty and distress. . . . I believe that we may retain youth, vigor and efficiency with increasing power through eternity. I believe that we always have existed and always shall exist, and with the support of Omniscience and Omnipotence constantly working for us in sympathy with our ideals we may achieve the utmost conceptions of mind and the highest flights of hope and aspiration." That is a cheering faith for those who are able to entertain it; and the meditations in prose and verse which follow are in accord with it.

In "Potential Russia" (E. P. Dutton & Company) Richard Washburn Child presents, in a vivacious and interesting way, the fruits of his recent studies, at close range, not only of Russian institutions and national aspirations but of the daily life and the inmost heart of the Russian people. The personality of the Czar and his attitude toward his people, the awakening of the national spirit, the powers of the bureaucracy and the growing popular resentment, the dogged courage of the Russian soldiers and the possibilities which lie before an aroused and uplifted Russia after the war is over are vividly described by Mr. Child. In spite of all that has happened, in spite of the astounding demonstration

of Russian strength and resourcefulness during the past two years of strain, Russia remains a good deal of a problem to outside observers; and Mr. Child's book is an aid to a better understanding of the problem.

Amy Brooks, chiefly known as a writer of books for young readers—the "Dorothy Dainty" stories and others—and who has a happy gift as an artist which enables her to illustrate her own books—essays fiction for older readers in a novel which she calls "At the Sign of the Three Birches" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company). The "Three Birches" is an ancient and dilapidated tavern at which the heroine of the story, Sylvia Durant, is required to spend a year and a day in compliance with the terms of the will of an eccentric aunt. She has for companion of her seclusion another aunt, scarcely less eccentric than the one who made the will. What happened to her there during the long period of her retirement it would be unkind to the reader to disclose. There is romance, of course, else why should the book have been written, but it is not of the kind which unhappily dominates most modern fiction. The story is told sweetly and simply, and accords well with the portrait of the heroine which forms the frontispiece.

The two girls who figure conspicuously in Frederick Orin Bartlett's story of "The Wall Street Girl" (Houghton Mifflin Company) are pictured on the "jacket" of the book, one of them a society girl, possessed of an allowance of ten thousand a year; and the other a typewriter in a broker's office, with a salary of ten dollars a week. How they unwittingly become rivals for the affection of the hero, Don Pendleton, a curiously guileless and ineffective young man who, by the peculiar conditions of his father's will, finds himself abruptly confronted with the necessity of self-

support; and which of them eventually becomes all in all to him, is told with fascinating directness, and a minimum of discursions and space-filling descriptions. This is not at all a problem novel, in the usual sense of the word, though it works out some interesting problems; there is not a villain in it—nothing more than the faint suspicion of one in the person of Pendleton's office associate, Blake; and from beginning to end, it is clean and wholesome, albeit entirely up-to-date. The author shows a clever understanding of feminine human nature, and an unusual skill in the sympathetic interpretation of it. Whether Don Pendleton is quite as real a figure as Sally Winthrop is perhaps an open question.

Madeleine Z. Doty's "Society's Misfits" (The Century Company) is not fiction, as might hastily be inferred from the title. It would be a good thing for society if it were. It is a pathetic and poignant recital of facts. It is a group of studies of prison life, and life in so-called reformatories, told from the inside. Miss Doty, as one of the three women members of the New York State Prison Commission, determined to find out how women convicts were treated by becoming one of them. In November, 1913, adopting the alias of "Maggie Martin," she had herself committed to Auburn Prison, with the permission of the State Superintendent of Prisons, and shared in every detail the treatment accorded to the other prisoners—her identity being unsuspected by the prison matrons and other officials. In her opening chapter, she describes the indignities, the injustices and the malignant punishments for petty offenses which "Maggie Martin" suffered; and in the second chapter tells of similar experiences of some of her prison friends. Then she goes on to describe—from a multitude of narratives given to her by convicts, and verified by patient

investigation—what goes on behind the walls of reformatories; and the various processes by which society is educating its boys and girls in those institutions to become hardened criminals. Altogether, this is a painful book, but it is a book which society sorely needs for its own awakening; and the more widely it can be distributed, and its appeal taken to heart, the better for this country in the days to come. A dozen or more illustrations from photographs—among them a copy of "Maggie Martin's" identification card—add to the interest of the book; and Thomas Mott Osborne, in his Introduction, pays tribute to the sincerity of the writer and the truthfulness of her narrative.

When an author remarks casually, as James Adderley does on page 171 of "In Slums and Society" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), "Reviewers have always been extraordinarily kind to me," what is one to do? Fortunately there is very little in the Canon of Birmingham's pleasant volume of reminiscences that calls for brutal treatment. The worst that can be said is that many of his funny stories will be incomprehensible to American readers; that there should be a glossary of abbreviations, and that the book is surprisingly unministerial. Most of the chapters are composed of amusing tales and anecdotes strung together rather irrelevantly, and of light gossip and thumb-nail sketches from life of a multitude of prominent personages in the Church and in the worlds of letters, the theatre, and socialism. The best of them are a letter from Yvette Guilbert full of the pathos of the English slums, and one from Bernard Shaw refusing to contribute any of his works to a bazaar. The portrayal of the dominance of conservatism and narrow conventionality over English life, even today, will impress the reader on this side of the Atlantic by the very unconsciousness with which it is done. Only in one chapter (entitled "Opinions") does the true

fiber of the Christian Socialist who has won such a prominent place in English life break through his general frivolity of manner. He deals here chiefly with Socialism and with the broadening of the Church, but comments incidentally on other matters. Few wiser things have been said in England since the beginning of the war than this, "What an awakening there will be some day when we realize that poverty and sickness and slums and ignorance are national enemies at least as worthy of our steel as the Germans, and go out to meet them as one united body."

"The Keys of the City," by Oscar Graeve (The Century Co.), is the story of a boy who lived in a fisherman's cottage on the Brooklyn shore and dreamed of the day when the great city across the river should lie at his feet; of the girl who came down from the great house on the cliff above to play with him; and especially of what happened to them and to their dreams when they grew up. Mr. Graeve sees life with the unclouded eye of the true artist, and writes of it calmly and sincerely. Some of the incidents in David's relations with other women and Nora's with other men are more sordid than the opening chapters lead one to expect, and a few readers will probably brand them "not respectable"; but this contrast between dreams and reality is the very backbone of the story, and the careful articulation of its vertebrae will win more respect than condemnation. The ten word question of Nora's which ends the book is a "last line" of which any Colyum Conductor might be proud; it leaves one with a feeling of having watched the keystone of an arch slip into place. Mr. Graeve has the final charm of suggesting that he knows much more about his people and their actions than he has troubled to tell; if he ever succeeds in telling all this, and can still hint at more to come, he will become a memorable novelist.